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DOCTOR WHO

MAGAZINE

Douglas Adams
A total perspective

The DWM Awards
Your best of last year's *Doctor Who*

My old man's a Time Lord!

EXCLUSIVE! What's it like to be 12 years old when your Dad is the Doctor? Michael Troughton remembers – inside!

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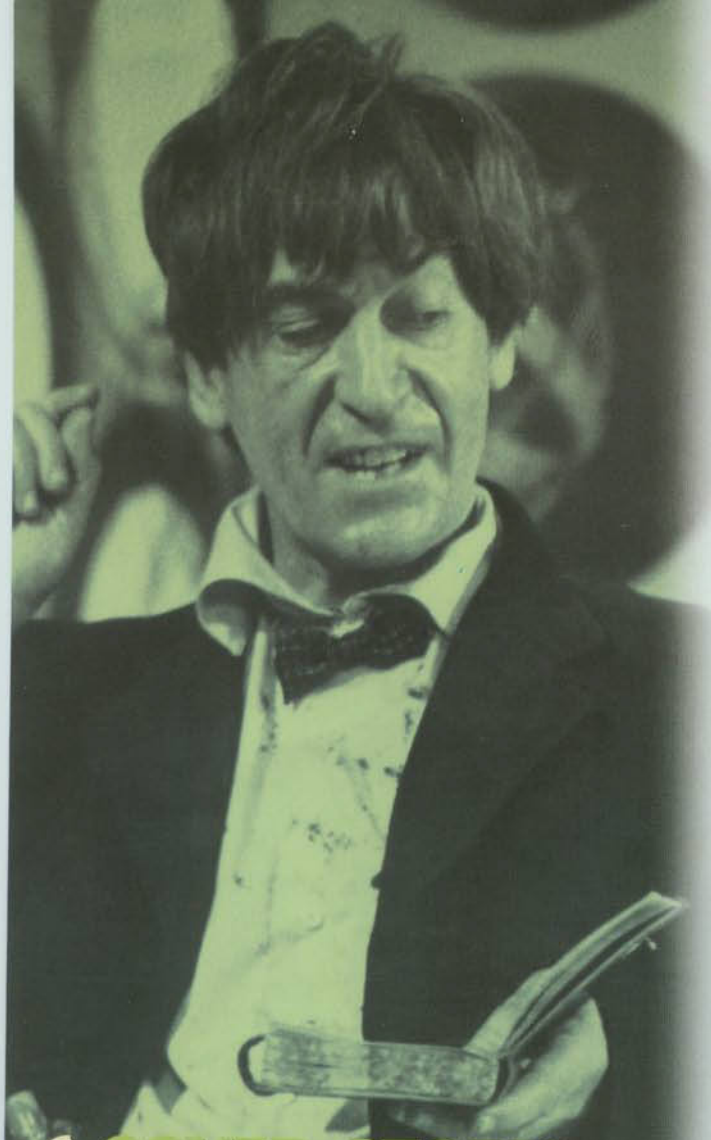

6 COVER STORY

Michael Troughton

In the first of an all-new series, the son of Doctor Who – that's Michael, Second Doctor Patrick Troughton's boy – remembers the highs and lows of being at school when your Dad is every child's heroic hobo of the spaceways!

Editor's letter

Some More of God's Greatest Mistakes

Jaws, ours included, dropped upon hearing the ridiculous news that Douglas Adams had succumbed to a heart attack at the improbably young age of 49. Enclosed, as we are, in our strange little fan enclave, we were happy-sad to discover that Douglas' life and work mattered, really *mattered*, to more people than we probably realised – and the genius of the man was celebrated all over the media, from Richard Dawkins' moving lament in *The Guardian* to an entirely unexpected tribute in the leader column of *The Sun*. This issue, we publish our own eulogy – and we make no apologies for broadening the usually narrow remit of **Doctor Who Magazine** in doing so: firstly, because we can't believe that there can be many *Doctor Who* fans who don't adore all of Douglas' work; and secondly, because the man's vision was so vast that it'd be doing him a grave injustice to do no more than print a few pics from *The Pirate Planet*. Douglas Adams gave us a glimpse of a reality bigger, more thrilling, more awe-inspiring and more connected than our own narrow perspective – and, let's face it, in the far-off future of this pitiful blue/green planet, the life-forms that evolve from human beings will be downloading the *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* books into their brain-sockets long after every single videotape of *Doctor Who* has melted into mush (and yes, they *will* be as funny as they used to be).

Elsewhere in this (frankly, rather brilliant) issue, you can read the first part of Michael Troughton's wonderful remembrance of his Dad's time as TV's Doctor Who, which it's a pleasure and a privilege to publish; find out how to get a new audio episode for free from BBC Online; and discover the results of last year's *DWM Awards* poll. As you can see opposite, we've also expanded our popular *Coming Up ...* section, making it the definitive guide to everything that's happening in *Doctor Who* in the next 28 days. You'll have also observed that **DWM** now costs ten pence more, for all the usual dull reasons. Sorry. (For the next four weeks, you can still subscribe at the old price; see page 43.) Oh, and both the *DWM Review* and *Timelines* have been temporarily demolished to make way for all this issue's extras.

As the man said, we apologise for the inconvenience.

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'Let's pull out the stops, have fun and be silly!'

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Coming Up... in July

SCREAM!
According to the Seventh Doctor's diary, Munch's painting *The Scream* will be destroyed in mysterious circumstances on the dust planet Duchamp 331 ...

SPEED!
The Eighth Doctor, Fitz and Anji journey to an Empire where the laws of physics are quite preposterous – and time travel is completely impossible!

GLADIATOR!
The First Doctor, Ian, Barbara and Vicki are expecting to see the splendour of the Roman Empire – but get cast into a deadly maelstrom of social and political upheaval ...

OUT IN THE DUSTY WASTES OF DUCHAMP 331, STRANGE THINGS CAN HAPPEN...
MAYDAY! CALLING DUCHAMP CONTROL! THEY'RE DEAD! KILLED BY THE DUST!
THIS MASK I WEAR CAN BE MISLEADING. PEOPLE TAKE IT TO MEAN THAT I AM DISABLED IN SOME WAY—
I ASSURE YOU I AM ANYTHING BUT...

ILLUSTRATION BY LEE SULLIVAN

Dust Breeding

written by **Mike Tucker**

Released by Big Finish on 18 June
Featuring The Seventh Doctor and Ace
Enemies The Krill – and one humanoid with "the scream of the madman"
Setting The dust planet Duchamp 331 and the space liner *Gallery*
You'll like this if you like ... the arty ambience of *City of Death*; 'base under attack' stories; Robert Holmes-style double-acts; and masked no-goods with nasty coughs ...
Listen out for the bit where *The Scream* interacts with the Doctor ...

The Doctor Sylvester McCoy
Ace Sophie Aldred
Bev Tarrant Louise Faulkner
Guthrie Ian Ricketts
Madame Salvadori Caroline John
Klemp Mark Donovan
Seta Geoffrey Beevers
Damien Pierson Johnson Willis

Incidental music Russell Stone
Producers Gary Russell & Jason Haigh-Ellery and Jacqueline Rayner
Director Gary Russell

Surprisingly, a colony of artists have made their home amid the refuelling stations of the storm-ridden dust planet Duchamp 331 – and among their exhibits sits Edvard Munch's famous 1893 painting, *The Scream*. In connoisseur mode, the Seventh Doctor and Ace are intending to rescue the painting from certain "mysterious circumstances" which threaten it. On board the luxurious liner *Gallery*, Madame Salvadori is leading her cruise party towards the same volatile planet – and because of the same painting. The artwork she intends to unveil, however, is of a far more violent nature ...

Meanwhile, an old friend of the Doctor and Ace will soon be reunited with them. Or should that be 'an old enemy' ... ?

What appalling secrets lie behind the bizarre artistic colony? What does the masked man among Salvadori's passengers have to hide? Can the ultimate weapon really reside on Duchamp 331 – or is it hatching in *Gallery*'s hold?

Moreover, why is writer Mike Tucker sitting outside a London recording studio holding a monster mask and an inflatable figure based on *The Scream*? This much we can reveal: the monster head illustrates the ravenous Krill, introduced in Robert Perry and Tucker's 1999 novel *Storm Harvest*. In *Dust Breeding*, the Krill are ready to rampage through Duchamp 331.

Tucker's second Big Finish *Doctor Who* story was, however, intended to be something else entirely: "After *The Genocide Machine*", he explains, "one of [co-producer] Gary Russell's potential ideas was to get Anthony Ainley back as the Master. I worked that into a story that – coming from Wales – I'd long wanted to do: sea-monsters attacking a Welsh fishing village. Then Gary said, 'Why don't you add the Krill?' – an example of the famous shopping list which Gary gives his authors! – so I wrote a four-part treatment and called it *Dark Rising*.

"Then everything changed: Gary asked me to write the Master back out, and rather than rejig *Dark Rising*'s structure, I asked to start a new story. Gary said, 'So why don't you do a space opera?' I had to come up with something pretty quickly, so I went back through various unpublished storylines. *Dust Breeding* was actually a novel proposal which Robert Perry and I put in back in the Virgin Books days, so it has a long gestation. But for a Big Finish audio, it had all the elements I needed, and a relatively small cast.

"This version retains most of our proposal's set-up – an alien being hidden within Munch's *The Scream*, a planet of

Can the ultimate weapon be found on Duchamp 331?

dust, and it was always going to be for Sylvester and Sophie's characters. Those are the two that – getting quite proprietorial here – are my Doctor and companion, and it's always a delight writing for them. It's a new story based on old themes, to which I added another of my characters – Bev Tarrant from *The Genocide Machine*."

Big Finish seems pleased to have a recurring character unique to its audio range. Did Tucker suggest re-using her? "Yes, it came from me, purely to allow me to progress the story slightly faster. I put Bev with the Doctor immediately and split Ace off, and Bev takes on the role of the

Time-Path Indicator

YOUR COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE COMING MONTHS IN *DOCTOR WHO*

JULY

Sunday 1

TV Doctor Who: Horror of Fang Rock by Terrance Dicks [Fourth Doctor & Leela] *UK Gold*

Monday 2

Soundtrack Doctor Who: The Abominable Snowmen by Mervyn Haisman & Henry Lincoln [Second Doctor, Jamie & Victoria] *BBC Radio Collection*

Soundtrack Doctor Who: Genesis of the Daleks/ Exploration Earth by Terry Nation/ Bernard Venables [Fourth Doctor, Sarah & Harry] *BBC Radio Collection*

Audio drama Zygons: The Barnacled Baby by Paul Griggs *BBV £tbc*

Novel Doctor Who: The Slow Empire by Dave Stone [Eighth Doctor, Fitz & Anji] *BBC Books*

Novel Doctor Who: Byzantium! by Keith Topping [First Doctor, Ian, Barbara & Vicki] *BBC Books*

Sunday 8

TV Doctor Who: The Invisible Enemy by Bob Baker & Dave Martin [Fourth Doctor, Leela and K9] *UK Gold*

Monday 9

Video Doctor Who: The Sun Makers by Robert Holmes [Fourth Doctor, Leela & K9] *BBC Video*

Friday 13

Webcast Doctor Who: Death Comes to Time Episode 1: At the Temple of the Fourth by Colin Meek [Seventh Doctor and Ace] *www.bbc.co.uk/doctorwho (see Gallifrey Guardian, pages 47-9)*

Sunday 15

TV Doctor Who: Image of the Fendahl by Chris Boucher [Fourth Doctor, Leela & K9] *UK Gold*

Monday 16

Music Doctor Who: Music from the New Audio Adventures Vol III [Russell Stone] *Big Finish £9.99*

Sunday 22

TV Doctor Who: The Sun Makers by Robert Holmes [Fourth Doctor, Leela & K9] *UK Gold*

Monday 23

Audio drama Doctor Who: Bloodtide by Jonathan Morris [Sixth Doctor and Evelyn] *Big Finish*

Thursday 26

DWM 307 on sale

Sunday 29

TV Doctor Who: Underworld by Bob Baker & Dave Martin [Fourth Doctor, Leela and K9] *UK Gold*

Monday 30

Novel Bernice Summerfield and the Infernal Nexus by Dave Stone *Big Finish £6.99*

Coming Up...

more traditional companion. Out of complete ignorance of the monsters' power she's going, 'Let's go for this!' I'm very pleased with the way the dynamic has worked."

DWM asked Louise Faulkner, who returns as Bev, how she first got the role. "I was acting in an play in Nottingham with *The Genocide Machine*'s director Nick Briggs. He approached me and said, 'I'm involved in these *Doctor Who* CDs – why not give me your CV?' Later he called me and that led to Bev's first ... Then Gary approached me a month ago, confirming her return in *Dust Breeding*. This one's quite different – I've got lots more to do."

For those not familiar with *Storm Harvest*, what should people expect of the apparently indestructible Krill? "I thought they might not lend themselves well to audio," Tucker admits. "All they did in *Storm Harvest* was run after

Sylvester McCoy and Caroline John (Madame Salvadori)

(clockwise) Aldred, John, Faulkner, Donovan, Tucker, Beevers, McCoy

people and eat them – they're not great conversationalists! But then I thought, 'What if they had something they feared – a weapon built to fight them?' So the Krill are more of a catalyst here, but it helped with *Dust Breeding*'s cover because for *Storm Harvest*, I'd painted and sculpted a Krill head. It's nice to see new monsters on the cover occasionally."

Dust Breeding, from its title onwards, is packed with artistic references. "I always wanted to do something drawing on the art history and theory I studied," says Tucker, "and Munch's *The Scream* is a very evocative piece of art. The circumstances of its painting and history, and its theft in the 1990s, are quite interesting. Weaving that into a *Who* mythos was fun. The arts also gave me some names for the cast ..."

Madam Salvadori, for example, invokes 'Salvador Dali' – and playing her is Pertwee-era regular Caroline John. Some time ago, Caroline returned to the role of Liz Shaw in BBV's *PROBE* series – but this *Doctor Who* story sees her doing something entirely different. "I was offered this, and it's terrific," she volunteers. "It keeps holding your attention throughout. But it's a real puzzle to start with ..."

What can she tell us about Salvadori? "She has this wonderful spacecraft which contains a lot of moneyed people – ambassadors, people of distinction ... She is a very greedy, grasping woman who doesn't know the exact backgrounds of everybody on board. She has a wonderful sidekick called Klemp – she treats him like dirt, but probably wouldn't feel right if he wasn't there to kick around!"

The creative references in the story certainly appealed to

What does the masked man on the *Gallery* have to hide?

Life is but a scream for author Mike Tucker (right)!

Sylvester McCoy. "What I like is the artistic side of it," he says. "There are all sorts of asides which Mike has thrown in – even the planet is called after an artist. It's a lovely idea that the Doctor has a great store of paintings in his TARDIS that he saved from destruction, all for his own collection. The morality is a bit dubious, but he *does* save the paintings!"

On the weekend of recording, Tucker noticed an extraordinary coincidence. "There's a piece by Marcel Duchamp which was recorded in a 1920 photograph called *Dust Breeding* by Man Ray. It always seemed a very good title for this piece, and I've adopted Duchamp for the name of the planet. But then, walking into this recording studio yesterday, I spotted a selection of framed prints, and, bizarrely, the Man Ray photo is one of them! It's blown all my sources. But we've all taken it as a very good omen!"

A good omen, however, is hardly how you'd class the Doctor's realisation that Duchamp 331 is a far more dangerous place than he had realised. As Sylvester McCoy neatly puts it: "It's taking *The Scream*, and turning it into a nightmare ..." ● MARK WYMAN

Win a steaming!

Praise the Company! The Doctor, Leela and K9 are in for a taxing time on Pluto in this month's video release – Robert Holmes' witty satire on monopoly capitalism, *The Sun Makers*. Faced with the unctious Gatherer, the fungal Collector and even Vila off of *Blake's 7*, can our heroes save the oppressed workunits of Megropolis One from a fate worse than debt? If you've got the talmars, *The Sun Makers* is available to buy from 9 July, but the nice folks at BBC Video have donated ten copies for us to give away. To be in with a chance of winning, just answer the following simple question – and remember, you have nothing to lose but your claims ...

What game are the Doctor and K9 seen playing at the start of this story?

Is it: [a] chess; [b] Escape from Colditz; or [c] kiss chase?

Answers on a postcard or stuck-down envelope marked STUFF THE COMPANY! to the editorial address by 25 July, your Grossnesses ...

The Slow Empire

a novel by
Dave Stone

Published by BBC Books on 2 July
Featuring The Eighth Doctor, Fitz Kreiner and Anji Kapoor
Enemies Whatever's just invaded the TARDIS ...
Setting Various regions of the Shakrath Empire
You'll like this if you like ... *The Fly*, *Star Trek*, S-level Physics
Watch out for the Doctor manipulating the iterations of a profoundly stunted probability space. No, really

You cannot travel faster than light. Seriously. It's impossible – everyone in the Empire knows that. That's why it takes so long for an Ambassador from the Glorious Centre of Shakrath to reach his new outpost – even by Transference, the new-fangled process by which one's body is broken into its tiniest component parts and transmitted there. Works very well, too – unless something like a time-travelling, multi-dimensional blue box gets in the way ...

It's not hard to get Dave Stone enthusing about his job. So when I say, for instance, that this 'Transference' notion sounds a bit familiar ... "It's a bit of an SF staple," he concedes cheerfully, "from long before even *Star Trek* needed not to have to make little models of landing craft. I had an idea for an original novel, taking something like *Star Trek* and applying to it physical laws like the impossibility of faster than light travel – the speed of light being such a basic that any alternative to our universe wouldn't be like the difference between apples and oranges, say, but between toad cheese and a small fire iron. The relativistic physics would have been scrupulously exact ... if I had any mathematical skills. An image that stuck with me, though, was the idea of a static structure like our universe, and how somebody or something that could travel in time, or faster than the speed of light, would appear to be a magic-matter blur. Somebody like, oh, let's say, the Doctor ..."

Oh yeah, *him*. "In a nutshell, the guy's unclassifiable by mortal man. There's a case to make that *Doctor Who* is a genre in its own right – like crime novels, there's space within it to do anything you want. We don't get to look inside the Doctor's head, much, and the way around that is to show how he impacts upon the worldview of others. The effort goes into the construction of those worldviews, and delineating the effects of that Doctorial anomaly. The quintessential *Doctor Who* story isn't about how the Doctor did this, and then he did that, and so forth – it's about writing the best western, or historical romance, or hard SF novel. And then a stranger comes to town ..."

As usual, though, he's brought a couple of mates with him. "I like Fitz and Anji," says Stone, "for a couple of reasons – firstly, they're contemporary-ish, so you don't have to arse around with stuff like 'from Benny's historical readings, she knew ...', and also, they're from different generations. You can have lots of fun with that."

Renowned for his imaginative humour, Stone concedes that "if I become aware of some new idea, or abstruse variations on structural techniques, I'll use it, however clumsily. But that's an entirely different thing from rarefied cleverness. I just tell stories, me." So he doesn't feel confined by *Doctor Who*? "I try to respect the boundaries others have established – that doesn't mean one can't take things in some other, unthought-of direction, or set the whole thing in a clearly-signposted universe where They Do Things Different, but the effort has to be there. The sense of continuity, whether you notice it's there or not, is one of *Doctor Who*'s strengths." ● DAVID DARLINGTON

What if teleportation really existed?

Byzantium!

a novel by
Keith Topping

Published by BBC Books on 2 July
Featuring The First Doctor, Ian, Barbara and Vicki
Enemies The Romans, the Greeks, the Zealots, the Christians (splitters!) – and a few more besides ...
Setting Byzantium in the year 64AD, just before *The Romans*
You'll like this if you like ... *The Romans*, *Warriors' Gate*, *I, Claudius*, *Monty Python's Life of Brian*, Dennis Potter's *Son of Man*, *Spartacus*, *Gladiator*
Watch out for all hell breaking loose in the town square

Not unnaturally, Barbara Wright is once more excited about stepping into her own planet's history – her field of expertise. Recent TARDIS recruit Vicki is rather more reticent, though, and of course the Doctor has been here before, and knows how brutal is the spirit of the age. Scattered through the locale by a riotous explosion of violence, can the Doctor and his friends re-unite with the TARDIS and each other? Ultimately, that depends on whether the diverse religious factions of the Roman Empire can stop fighting with each other. So the omens don't look good ...

"I wanted to do a straight historical, something about the politics of the age, and, most of all," admits Keith Topping, "something that could – just – have been an abandoned 1964 plot turned into a novel. *The Aztecs II*, basically!"

Byzantium! is certainly more a small-scale *Aztecs* than an epic *Marco Polo*. "I tend to prefer intimacy," admits Topping, "and I've wanted to write for Ian and Barbara for an age – any historical with them in automatically includes action, humour and a beautiful potential mouthpiece to explain the historical context. After that, the setting suggested itself."

A setting, however interesting, still needs a plot, and in this case Topping was inspired by considering "what would happen if the Doctor got hold of a draft of one of the Gospels. Would he look at it like a first draft Shakespeare or Marlowe, think, 'No, no, no, that's not right', and start tampering with it? From there, the rest of the concept of he and his friends stranded in the early centre of Christianity seemed obvious."

Stranded and alone, in fact – each of the four regulars gets a story strand of his or her own. "The major obstacles to real drama in a *Doctor Who* story are the TARDIS and the companions' anachronistic knowledge," says Topping, "and I wanted to strip them of all of that. So their knowledge is useless, they're cut off from the TARDIS by distance and circumstances, and they're utterly alone. At that point, you have a dramatic situation."

Anyone who's encountered their favourite band proclaiming that their latest album is 'the best we've ever done' might be less surprised at Topping's belief that this is "better than *The King of Terror*" than his commendably frank admission that he thinks it's "still not as good as *The Hollow Men*". Even so, there's plenty to enjoy, including Topping's favourite moments – "the scene where we first observe the Roman perception of Christianity – superstitious mumbo-jumbo, just like someone these days might talk about alien abductees – and the *Poem For Byzantium* chapter in which none of the regulars appear. I wanted that to be cinematic, as though Steven Spielberg had been wandering around ancient Byzantium with a minicam ..."

Lost in 64 AD, can the TARDIS crew be reunited?

Which leaves only one question. Why the exclamation mark? "I thought it was fun." Is that it? "Well, it was mainly because originally I wanted the cover to be a parody of a Cecil B de Mille Hollywood epic. They all had big exclamation marks at the end." Really? Even 38 years on, *Doctor Who* can still be educational ... ● DAVID DARLINGTON

AUGUST

Monday 6
Novel Doctor Who: Dark Progeny by Steve Emmerson [Eighth Doctor, Fitz & Anji] BBC Books
Novel Doctor Who: Bullet Time by David A McIntee [Seventh Doctor & Sarah] BBC Books
Audio drama Dalek Empire 2: The Human Factor by Nicholas Briggs *Big Finish* £9.99

Monday 13
DVD Doctor Who: The Movie by Matthew Jacobs [Eighth Doctor] BBC *Worldwide*

Wednesday 15
Audio drama Faction Paradox: The Eleven Day Empire by Lawrence Miles BBV £tbc

Monday 20
Audio drama Doctor Who: Project: Twilight by Cavan Scott & Mark Wright [Sixth Doctor & Evelyn] *Big Finish*

Thursday 23
DWM 308 on sale

SEPTEMBER

Monday 3
Video Doctor Who: Four to Doomsday by Terence Dudley [Fifth Doctor, Adric, Nyssa & Tegan] BBC *Video*
Novel Doctor Who: The City of the Dead by Lloyd Rose [Eighth Doctor, Fitz & Anji] BBC Books
Novel Doctor Who: Psience Fiction by Chris Boucher [Fourth Doctor and Leela] BBC Books
Audio drama Professor Bernice Summerfield and the Skymines of Karthos by David Bailey *Big Finish* £6.99

Monday 10
DVD Doctor Who: The Five Doctors [various] by Terrance Dicks BBC/*Warner Home Video* (USA/Canada) $24.99
DVD Doctor Who: The Robots of Death by Chris Boucher [Fourth Doctor 7 Leela] BBC/*Warner Home Video* (USA/Canada) $24.99
DVD Doctor Who: Spearhead from Space by Robert Holmes [Third Doctor, & Liz] BBC/*Warner Home Video* (USA/Canada) $24.99
Video Doctor Who: The Sun Makers by Robert Holmes [Fourth Doctor, Leela and K9] BBC (Australia/NZ) $tbc

Monday 17
Audio drama Doctor Who: The Eye of the Scorpion by Iain McLaughlin [Fifth Doctor & Peri] *Big Finish*
Video boxed set Doctor Who: The Davros Collection [various: comprises *Genesis of the Daleks*, *Destiny of the Daleks*, *Resurrection of the Daleks*, *Revelation of the Daleks* & *Remembrance of the Dalels*] BBC *Video*/WH Smiths *Limited Edition* £34.99

Thursday 20
DWM 309 on sale

Except where stated: BBC Books novels £5.99; BBC videos £12.99; BBC DVDs £19.99; BBC Radio Collection/Big Finish audios £13.99 [all double CD]

MICHAEL TROUGHTON'S MEMORIES

PART ONE

YOUNG MICHAEL TROUGHTON WAS 12 YEARS OLD IN 1966 – THE YEAR HIS DAD, PATRICK, BECAME THE SECOND DOCTOR. THE FIRST IN A NEW THREE-PART SERIES – EXCLUSIVE TO DWM!

November the fifth, 1966, was a very special day for me. It was Fireworks Night, my girlfriend Vicky Taylor had just snogged me in the back garden – but, best of all, my Dad was about to become Doctor Who!

The previous week, my family and I had huddled around our flickering black and white Cosser TV waiting for the end of the final episode of *The Tenth Planet*. "This old body of mine is wearing a bit thin," William Hartnell had gasped before collapsing onto the cold TARDIS floor.

We had all shared in Ben and Polly's amazement as the old Doctor's face blurred, bleached white and finally regenerated (with the help of high-tech special effects!), giving way to a much younger man's features. My Dad had begun three very happy years of his life – and so had I.

Dad was 46 when he was offered the part of Doctor Who. I was 12. I remember the expression on his face when he arrived at our house in North London soon after the final meeting with Sydney Newman (Head of Drama at the BBC) and Innes Lloyd (series producer). A grin from ear to ear – like the cat who got the cream!

The BBC's decision to cast my father as Doctor Who was both prudent and risky at the same time. They obviously felt very secure offering the part to such a well-established and experienced actor – one who was at home with the relatively young medium of television. During the 1960s he had appeared in many memorable programmes such as *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Dr Finlay's Casebook*, *Paul of Tarsus* and numerous guest appearances in such series as *Danger Man* and *Robin Hood*. He must have been one of the first actors to make a living almost exclusively from television parts.

1966: on location for *The Viking Queen*

If his agent ever suggested a theatre role he would always retort: "God ... I don't want to do all that shouting in the evening!"

However, the risk of casting someone so different to William Hartnell showed great faith on Newman and Lloyd's behalf in my father's ability to pull it off. Despite this, the BBC faced quite a long and drawn-out process in persuading Dad to take the part of the time traveller. He was first approached by Newman while in Ireland filming *The Viking Queen*. Straight away he assumed his agent, Morris, had fallen for a prank devised by some of his fellow actors. Dad enjoyed practical jokes – very often on set, and at the expense of his colleagues – so he was always suspicious of unexpected offers. However, having established the validity of Newman's offer, he was very apprehensive of an initial meeting.

A postcard I received from him in the summer of 1966 explained that he felt he was "the wrong type for the part" and that they must "be mad to consider such a young actor for the role". I will never know what changed his mind – perhaps a nice financial deal – but he finally signed the contract for 22 episodes on 2 August 1966. It was, as he told me over the phone, "an extremely exciting day".

However, with this enthusiasm came the stark reality of what had actually happened to him. He was about to become a very well-known personality – someone who couldn't walk out of their front door without being recognised. Unfortunately, my father had never been very comfortable with fame and media attention. He regarded the press with some contempt. Also, he had separated from my mother Margaret some years before and had started another family with his common-law wife. I think the worry of exposing both families to the tabloid press was perhaps another reason for his dogged anti-publicity stance throughout his three seasons as the Doctor.

Top of the Pops

Patrick Troughton as Doctor Who: [above] bound for 18th century Scotland in *The Highlanders*; [right] with a short-haired Polly (Anneke Wills) in *The Macra Terror*; [below] spacesuited, with Ben (Michael Craze) in *The Moonbase*

To begin with, Dad thought the series would only last a few weeks. Billy Hartnell had been such a success during his stint that Dad thought the public would not stay with the series if a new Doctor was forced on them. He confessed to me that if he was to have any hope of success it meant that the new characterisation of the Doctor should be "completely different" to the "amiable old white-haired professor type" that Hartnell had established so successfully.

Dad spent many weeks agonising about characterisation. On his weekly visits to my home at Mill Hill we would share some of the ideas he had been mulling over during the day. The one I remember most was an eccentric monocled upper-class toff in top hat and tails, who stuttered all the time and picked his nose. But there were others such as a mad spiky-haired professor, a Goon-type character, an old-fashioned windjammer captain and even a character from *The Arabian Nights*. I don't know how many of these Innes Lloyd took seriously, but by the autumn they'd come to a decision – and Dad's Doctor had been born.

I think that, underneath, the initial criticisms of Dad's performance hurt – but he never showed it

During the first week of rehearsals, he continued to experiment – initially with a Harpo Marx wig and persona, and then with a recorder and tall black hat. The recorder which would become so much a part of the Second Doctor was in fact his own instrument. He had started to teach himself the recorder during the filming of *Paul of Tarsus* and continued to annoy both families with tunes such as *Puff the Magic Dragon* and *Greensleeves*.

The tall 'stovepipe' hat was very popular with Dad, but Sandra Reid, the costume designer, wasn't too sure about it. She gave him the first few weeks of *The Power of the Daleks* to try it out, but by the time of *The Underwater Menace* she had manage to lose it 'accidentally on purpose'!

Dad's final characterisation of the Doctor has been described as a clown or a 'cosmic hobo' (yes, what *does* that mean?). It was neither of these. Pat's portrayal was brave, complex and departed absolutely from his predecessor. On the surface he appeared the clown drawing on child-like qualities, dressing in scruffy clothes, playing his recorder when all around him was in chaos, delving excitedly into a bag of sweets and acting the fool to confuse his enemies.

But this was just a veneer. Concealed within was a powerful intellect; a great thinker, a solver of puzzles, a doer of good, a wild wizard. Even as he delved into his seemly bottomless pockets and withdrew with a mad flourish such useless items as gobstoppers, conkers, string, fireworks, half-eaten apples or marbles, one always knew that each of those ludicrous objects would have purpose and a reason and eventually save the day. The fact that he would always leave everything to the last moment and then have to make a snap decision simply showed us the workings of an eccentric genius – this was Dad's Doctor.

Consequently, whenever I watched my father as Doctor Who, I was never *really* sure that he was going to be able to beat the monsters, or save the planet from destruction. This, in a way, was more frightening than having a Doctor who was in total control of the situation, like Bill Hartnell's wise white-haired version. I felt the need almost to shout out advice in order to help him, yell at him to run because there was a monster behind him or calmly explain a problem that seemed to confuse him. This ability to draw the audience in and involve them totally within the story was a wonderful strength of the character.

Such a radical change of character was, however, bound to upset some of the regular *Doctor Who* audience. Dad's reaction to critics of his performances had always been very healthy. After the first episode of *The Power of the Daleks* had been transmitted, he had been prepared for some harsh words. One clipping that my mother still has was written by a Mrs Estelle Hawken in the *Radio Times* letter section: "What have you done to BBC1's *Doctor Who*?

"Of all the stupid nonsense! Why turn a wonderful series into what looks like Coco the Clown?"

My Dad's reaction was simple and seemed to be full of confidence. "She's wrong ... Anyway, that *Radio Times* will be fish and chip paper next week, but I'll still be the Doctor."

I think that, underneath, the initial criticism of his performance did hurt – but he never showed it. In fact, I was later told by Innes Lloyd that my Dad was so nervous about his first appearance as the Doctor that he had refused to watch the first episode of *The Power of the Daleks*. While the crew and cast (who were about to tape Episode Three) crowded around a television set in the 'green room' at the Riverside Studios, my father had sat all by himself in the canteen. He later admitted that he had felt physically sick with the pressure of it all. "Everyone expected so much from me," he confessed. "The whole thing had got out of control in my mind!"

However, when he had returned from the canteen to begin recording the episode, the entire studio crew and all the actors had stood up and cheered him. I recall him explaining: "This really made me feel great, although I went red as a beetroot and started getting very embarrassed. You see, up until that point I just didn't know how my colleagues were going to react ... their opinions really matter to me."

Despite this, his sense of fun was always present, even under pressure. On one occasion, after rehearsals for *The Power of the Daleks*, he arrived at Mill Hill wearing a T-shirt emblazoned with the slogan 'Come back Bill Hartnell, all is forgiven!' Apparently the whole cast and crew, led by Michael Craze (who played Ben) and Anneke Wills (Polly), had arrived for work all wearing these T-shirts as a practical joke. Dad had been presented with his own for being such a sport.

Sydney Newman's faith in Dad had paid off – and by the end of Episode Six of *The Power of the Daleks*, viewing figures for the series were nearing eight million. My father's new Doctor was proving to be a popular and successful character.

So, at the beginning of December, when rehearsals for *The Highlanders* began, there was a mood of excitement and real hope for the long-term continuation of the series. This was a time of renewal and regeneration for the programme. The production team wanted to free itself of the restraints imposed by William Hartnell's era. As my father said at the time, "This is going to last longer than I thought!"

It was during this period of change that Dad met Frazer Hines while pre-filming sequences for *The Highlanders* at Frensham Ponds in Surrey. Frazer had been cast in a small role as Jamie McCrimmon, a piper boy who had survived the Battle of Culloden. Both my father and Innes Lloyd were immediately impressed by Frazer's professionalism and acting skills. Dad had previously acted with Hines when he was a 12 year-old. I recall Dad's comments about "the young Scot" being very complimentary: "Some actors just have that 'something' and some don't. This lad's got more than just that 'something' ..."

I am unsure whether Dad had any influence in the decision to include Jamie as one of his companions, but it is clear that Innes Lloyd and the director Hugh David recognised great potential in him. It was for this reason that Frazer's contract was renegotiated and the character kept on. This meant changing the end sequence of *The Highlanders* to include a scene with Jamie leaving with the Doctor, and hurriedly altering scripts for the next few stories.

When Episode Four of *The Highlanders* finally went to studio on Christmas Eve 1966, Shaun Sutton threw a party afterwards to celebrate. I recall my father telling me that he just couldn't believe the mood of excitement and anticipation during that evening. Everybody associated with the 'new-look *Doctor Who*' seemed so confident that the future could only bring success. He admitted to feeling rather overawed by it all, because so much depended on him. When he returned home later that evening, this feeling of overwhelming responsibility was only compounded by an enormous pile of cards from fans wishing the Doctor a Happy Christmas and a successful New Year.

Although *The Highlanders* was a catalyst for a new style of *Doctor Who*, it was, itself, the last of a dying breed – the historical story. Innes Lloyd and Sydney Newman had discussed with Dad that they thought a more science fiction-styled series would prove a greater success with audience and writers alike. My father had enthusiastically encouraged this direction, not only because it divorced him further from the William Hartnell era, but because he was genuinely interested in exploring "real science in drama".

It was therefore unfortunate that this new direction kicked off with such a weak story as *The Underwater Menace*. My father expressed his concerns to Julia Smith, the director, after completeing the first studio session. Dad had thought the idea of fish people who had been created by medical experiment to serve as slaves was a very sound science-based story. His complaint was that there was clearly not enough money to make the sets and costumes convincing enough. He was particularly concerned by the 'underwater' sequences at Ealing Studios, with uncomfortable-looking actors on very visible wires set against pantomime-style backcloths. "They had obviously taken on something far too big to handle on a *Who* budget," he said (Lloyd later confessed that "it did look like something from a 50s American B-movie"). Not surprisingly, the viewing figures plummeted, and I believe it was Michael Craze who calmed my father's increasing worries.

Both Anneke Wills and Michael Craze had become very close friends with Dad during the first season. Most days, after rehearsals, he would drive them both home, usually stopping on the way at Finch's Wine Lodge on the Fulham road for "a little drinkies ... just one to lay the dust". He always used to tell me that a lot of creative ideas and script concepts would be thrashed out in Finch's – but I'm not sure how much of it was ever used!

I still remember how shocked my father was when he heard the bad news that a decision had been made to write Ben and Polly out of the series. I think Dad blamed Innes Lloyd for this sudden and regrettable move, although who was responsible is still unclear. I believe it was felt that the large number of companions in the TARDIS was proving a difficult obstacle to writers and also that the Ben and Polly characters were leftovers from William Hartnell's era, and 'past their sell-by date'.

Despite this setback, my Dad was still happy playing the Doctor. His characterisation was beginning to evolve and blossom as confidence grew. Newman and Lloyd showed how pleased they were with their new Doctor by extending his contract for a further 17 episodes, to the end of the season.

Studio recording for *The Moonbase* began on 4 February, and the first episode was transmitted a week later. Although he never admitted it, Dad must have been feeling the gruelling weekly schedule, which involved four days of rehearsals, a studio recording day and then filming inserts for future scripts on most weekends. As he was later to confess to me: "During the early days of *Who*, I didn't have time to do anything but work and then go home and go to sleep ... then get up again and go to work!"

Increasing the time between studio and transmission from one to two weeks was seriously considered during this period. However it was never taken up, although the threat of actors being struck down by illness or accidental injury must have been a constant worry. There were no understudies or plans for such occasions – the show had to go on!

In fact, my father narrowly escaped being injured by a falling section of the Gravitron weather machine built for *The Moonbase*. While inspecting the studio layout before recording, he was nearly squashed flat by metal and wooden pieces that had previously been suspended from the studio roof. I can still hear the shock in his voice as he described to the family what had happened: "I was inspecting the weather thingy machine that moved up and down on cables ... you know, having a good look to familiarise myself with it so I knew where to stand when it was flown in and out during the scene.

"As I turned to go out of the studio for a cup of tea there was the most awful crash behind me and the whole prop smashed to the ground. My instincts made me dive forward and I hit the floor really hard ..." He then preceded to proudly lower his trousers to show us a huge purple bruise on his left buttock! "When I told Morris [Barry] and Innes what had happened they both turned pale and suggested politely that my inspection of the studio should be done with a member of the crew in future."

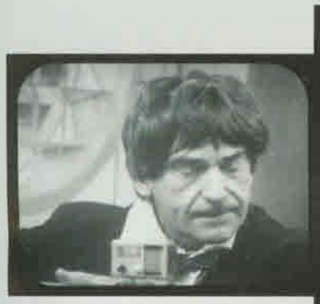
The war years: Sub-Lieutenant Patrick Troughton with the crew of his MTB

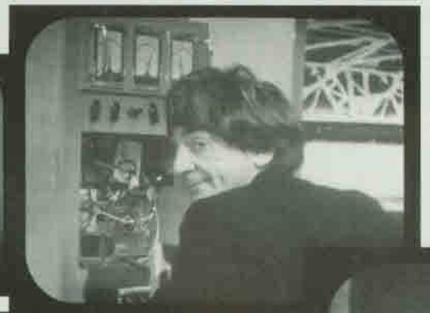
He recalled only ever being "that close to death once before" when he was a Sub-Lieutenant aboard a motor gun boat during the the Second World War. He and his crew were involved in many close range attacks by the Germans in the so called 'E-boat alley' off Great Yarmouth. In October 1943 he was mentioned in Dispatches for bravery under fire. Dad's MGB and another commanded by Lt R Marshall had engaged two E-boats which had been torpedoing merchant shipping north-east of Great Yarmouth. Dad wrote in his diary: "It was an experience you could never forget. Terrifying streams of bullets and shells buzzed past you so close. Lines of tracer and incendiary too.

"As we came in close Marshall was shooting up S88 [an E-boat] which set it ablaze. He then turned to ram the other amid-ships almost at full speed. As we came in to help, S88 exploded into a huge 200-foot column of burning debris, which rained down on us ..."

Dad's boat rescued 19 survivors that night, but five crew were dead, six were injured and a close friend of his was blinded. I guess the Gravitron paled by comparison.

After Dad's wartime experiences, being nearly squashed flat by the Gravitron paled in comparison





The Second Doctor in action in Season Four: meddling in the affairs of the Earth colony on Vulcan – and meeting a very old enemy – in *The Power of the Daleks*; [bottom right] trapped in Atlantis, and falling foul of a priest of the cult of the Living Goddess Amdo in *The Underwater Menace*

By the end of transmission of *The Moonbase*, Dad was relieved to see that the viewing figures were on the up once again. This seemed to confirm that good stories, with frightening but believable monsters, were very popular with the audience. This was a trend that would continue to be developed with great success in the next season.

With the next story, *The Macra Terror*, the production team made sure that they did not make the same mistakes as in *The Underwater Menace*. Although the budget was similarly modest, they were able to achieve a very frightening crab-like monster through a combination of clever model construction, increased location filming and subtle lighting. I remember being really terrified of the two evil Macra that chased Jamie in the mines beneath the futuristic Earth colony.

When I told my father, he just laughed. Apparently the studio work and filming on *The Macra Terror* had been difficult as he had been unable to take the monster seriously. "It looked like one of those plastic crabs you see hanging on the walls of fish and chip shops ... only bigger!" Later, when he caught some of the transmissions of *The Macra Terror*, he had to admit that the production team had created a very effective and startling image.

I have always been impressed by the special effects created during my father's years on *Doctor Who*. One has to remember during the 1960s all they had to work with was either the real thing, or specially designed models. The simplest computers capable of graphics and overlay were not really designed and used by TV companies until the 1970s. Even the credits at the end of *Doctor Who* were not produced by an electronic machine. They were actually printed on a roll of paper which moved past the camera at speed.

My father showed great interest in the models that were built for various stories. He was himself a keen model-maker and had constructed highly detailed replicas of galleons, an MTB and many model gliders. I shared this interest and he often helped me make radio-controlled boats, which we sailed together on Hampstead pond. He used to talk enthusiastically about various miniature sets constructed in Ealing Studios by the Special Effects department. One in particular I remember him describing was a model of a melting glacier which was achieved by using bicarbonate of soda and lots of smoke. Others included a detailed lunar landscape covered with icing sugar, an erupting volcano that used coloured porridge, a Dalek city which was literally blown up and an incredibly detailed Tibetan monastery.

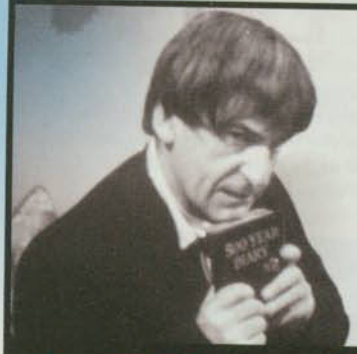
The Cybermats were a big favourite of his and he often threaten to pinch one for me so I could "keep it as a pet". He always joked with me that they "drank Guinness, ate pickled onions and needed to be stroked at least once a day". Some of those Guinness-drinking beetle-like robots were built around single channel radio-controlled units and often ran wild across the studio floor when their radio receivers picked up interference from studio equipment. My dad remembered that the most reliable type were the ones pulled along by clear fishing line!

On 8 April 1967 the recording of Episode Two of *The Faceless Ones* was completed, and with it Ben and Polly's time with the Doctor came to an end. My father was very sad to see Anneke and Mike leave the series, since they had shared such good times together. He described them later: "They wet-nursed me through the initial terror of *Doctor Who*. They encouraged me to be brave with my character. But best of all, they became my good friends."

The remaining four studios for *The Faceless Ones* seemed rather empty without Polly and Ben. Dad especially missed Anneke's trusted opinions and comments on his performance each week: "She had always kept an eye on my character ... you know, made sure it was not too over the top. I missed that security," he later confessed.

By the end of the month, Dad's sense of loss had been replaced by excitement at hearing the news that Deborah Watling had been chosen as the new member of the TARDIS crew. She had been picked after long and extensive auditions conducted personally by Innes Lloyd, who had originally offered the part to Pauline Collins. Jack Watling (Debbie's father) and Dad had known each other for a very long time and had often worked together in the 1950s and 1960s on stage and television. In fact, both families had met socially on many occasions during this period – usually at various pubs around London!

It was for this reason that Dad felt more confident about the coming new season. With Frazer and Debbie on board he felt sure that a good working relationship would develop. I remember him telling me: "When I heard Jack's daughter had got the part I knew next year was going to be fine ...



THROUGHOUT PATRICK TROUGHTON'S TIME AS *DOCTOR WHO*, AT LEAST ONE OTHER 12 YEAR-OLD BOY WAS PAYING CAREFUL ATTENTION. JAN VINCENT-RUDZKI FLICKS THROUGH HIS NOTEBOOKS ...

1,000 day diary

Inspired by the Second Doctor's 500 Year Diary, I began to make an entry in a journal of my own every day. Watching *Doctor Who* was a family event for my mother, my father and I. I think my parents were quite amused, and perhaps a bit nonplussed, by the way their son had taken to the series. How did it make sense that their child would be so frightened by a series and yet be determined not to miss an episode? By the time the end of William Hartnell's tenure approached I audio-taped various episodes, and my parents complied by remaining silent during those 25 minutes each Saturday. Here's what the 11-year-old me made of those Saturday teatimes back in the monochrome age ...

October 1966 Read in the newspaper that Patrick Troughton was to become the new Doctor Who. This makes very little impression on my young mind, probably because William Hartnell's Doctor was so dominant that the news is swamped by the events of the time

29 October "The Doctor's body is 'wearing a bit thin'. What does this mean? What has happened in the TARDIS?"

5 November "The Doctor has changed. Well if that's what he does ... Why are Ben and Polly so suspicious? This new person must be the Doctor. What's the problem?"

14 January 1967 With a book token I buy the hardback of *Doctor Who and the Crusaders*

28 January *The Invaders* gets a mention, over *The Underwater Menace* Episode 3. What am I thinking of? (Well, then again ...)

18 February Both *The Invaders* and *The Moonbase* Episode 2 get a mention. That's better!

25 February Both series given a "very good" – my second-to-highest rating

18 March *The Macra Terror* Episode 2 singled out as "very good"

27 March Listen to audio recordings of *Doctor Who* during the Easter holidays

1 April *The Macra Terror* is namechecked, along with an episode of *Harry Worth*. *Who* has the upper hand, though

15 April *The Invaders* is back, worth mentioning along with the usual *Who* (*The Faceless Ones*) entries. The same for the next two weeks

6 May Another "very good" episode, *The Faceless Ones* 5, mentioned. Episode 6 is similarly noted next week

20 May Ah, the start of a Dalek story! Definitely notable. I also see a clip of *Doctor Who* in Arabic on the television, and think it very funny

10 June *The Evil of the Daleks* Episode 4 reaches "very good" – but now *The Forsyte Saga*, a series that gripped the country, is also being mentioned

24 June *Evil* 6. As Maxtible and Waterfield argue, my father cannot contain his annoyance at Maxtible and shouts, "Hit him" – which is recorded forever on my audio tape!

1 July The last episode of *The Evil of the Daleks* manages to keep the high standard of the previous episodes, but sadness is expressed for the last part of *The Forsyte Saga*

8 July No *Doctor Who* "because of Wimbledon [tennis]". I have no idea about 'seasons', then ...

Frazer and I had already got something good going, but with Debbie joining things must only get better."

Six months had now passed. While Dad had travelled to 18th century Scotland, landed the TARDIS in the lost city of Atlantis, fought Cybermen on the moon, defeated giant crabs in a holiday camp and took on faceless aliens at Gatwick, I had waited patiently for my first visit to the studios.

It wasn't until 24 June 1967 that I got my first chance to go to Lime Grove Studio D, where the seventh episode of *The Evil of the Daleks* was being recorded. Dad had managed to take a holiday a couple of weeks earlier which was long overdue. I remember how progressively more tired and grey he looked as the fourth season had drawn to an end. He had been working a six-day week which covered some 35 episodes from November 1966 to June 1967. Most episodes had been recorded the week before transmission, which had put him under an enormous additional amount of pressure. I think we were all concerned about him at this time, but all he ever said was: "Don't worry ... it's just like being in weekly rep, and I survived that. Besides, it's a lot better paid!"

The day at Lime Grove began with a huge breakfast in the canteen. I was then ushered into Studio D, given a dusty canvas seat and told to be very quiet by a young floor assistant. Most of the set was the Dalek control room on Skaro. Constructed from a maze of white tubular scaffolding, sheets of silver-covered ply and a painted black floor, it took up nearly all of the surprisingly small studio space. Set to one side was the huge Emperor Dalek, connected to an unseen power supply by what looked like vacuum tubing – and probably was!

I still have parts of the original script by David Whitaker, which Dad had pinched for me on that day. My favourite scene will always be watching the 'dizzy Daleks' questioning commands from their superior.

My clearest memory of that visit was talking to John Scott Martin, one of the Dalek operators. During rehearsals the Daleks would move around the set topless – without revolving head and stalk eye. This was so that they could hear instructions and notes given to them by Derek Martinus, the director, and also for their own comfort.

The inside of a Dalek was extremely sweaty and cramped. John said that driving one was "like being in a fairground dodgem car" and "quite disorientating sometimes". I was allowed to climb into the 'Black Dalek' during the lunch break. When its head was on one could see very little. The only view of the outside world came through a piece of metal gauze. No wonder the Daleks bumped into the set all the time!

John gave me some tuition in Dalek movement, which involved shuffling your feet in small steps – a bit like being in those children's pedal cars, but without the pedals. There were hand controls to operate the exterminating gun, sucker arm, revolving head, and a piece of string which, when pulled, flashed the lights in sync with the Dalek's voice.

***The Underwater Menace*: more high-jinks in the city of Atlantis**

I remember being shocked that the Daleks did not really talk! Their voices were added live by two men in shirt sleeves sitting at a wooden desk in front of microphones and a TV monitor (I now realise this must have been Peter Hawkins and Roy Skelton). I also recall that Marius Goring, who played Theodore Maxtible, and Frazer teased me about the Dalek operators. They told me that at night, John and Robert (Jewell) turned back into horrible green slime and slithered down the Uxbridge Road, exterminating passers-by. I was too old to be taken in – after all, everybody knew that a Dalek's innards were just wallpaper paste, woodchippings and green powder paint! Weren't they ...?

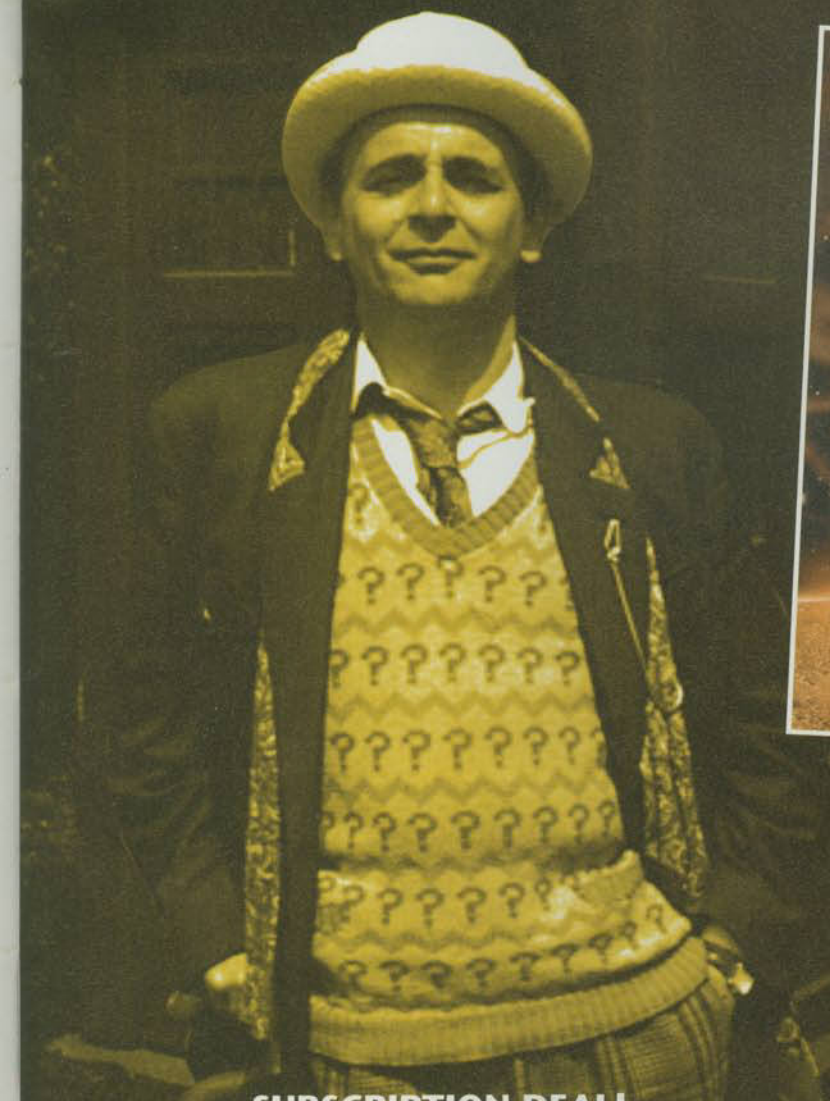
By the end of that very special day, Dad's first year as the Doctor had come to a close. The time traveller had regenerated seamlessly, but the style of the programme had changed forever. Out had gone the original science/history education based format conceived by Sydney Newman and Donald Wilson – and in its place had arrived a science fiction drama with nightmare monsters and a broader audience of adults and children.

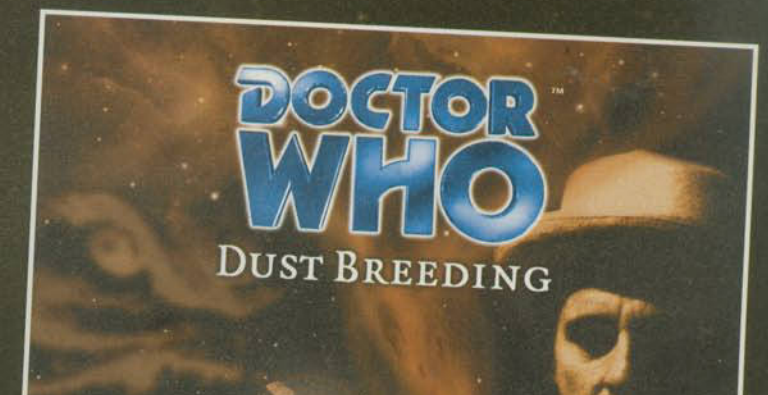
Dad was just getting into his stride, and the show's success would be built upon the following year ...

To be continued

AND THUS THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME BRINGS IN HIS REVENGES

"THE KRILL ARE AN ANCIENT BIOLOGICAL WEAPON, CREATED BY A DEAD RACE, WELL VERSED IN THE ARTS OF WAR. OH, AND THEY'RE NOT VERY FRIENDLY..."





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THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR *THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY* – AND SOME OF THE FINEST *DOCTOR WHO* MOMENTS – DIED, TOO YOUNG, ON 11 MAY. PHILIP MACDONALD PAYS TRIBUTE TO THE DEEP THOUGHTS OF DOUGLAS ADAMS.

Life, the universe and Douglas Adams

When aspiring young authors wrote to Douglas Adams for advice, he would invariably take the time to reply with courteous, heartening words of encouragement. It was a part of the measure of the man. But it was the sillier end of the fan mail spectrum that would often provoke his funniest replies. He once received the rather pugnacious enquiry, "What is the point of *Doctor Who*?", and wrote back as follows: "The whole point of *Doctor Who* is that, if you take the second letter of each of the 59th words of all the episodes over the last 20 years of broadcast and run them together backwards, the original location of the lost city of Atlantis is revealed ..." On another occasion, a fan sent him a number of detailed questions about his work and added: "Could you include a short autobiography, including anything you consider contributing to your work?" Adams replied: "Born 1952. Haven't died yet."

Douglas Noël Adams was indeed born in 1952, and would later joke that he was the first of two DNAs to arrive in Cambridge that year; just a few months later the double-helix structure of deoxyribonucleic acid, the genetic building-block of life, was unravelled in the town of his birth. His mother and father, a nurse and a postgraduate theology student, moved from Cambridge only six months later, and divorced when Douglas was five.

Douglas' school years in Brentwood, Essex, were not enormously happy – he later confessed that his strongest memories were connected with "trying to get off games". The subjects that interested him as a boy were, however, the very ones that would go on to define the man. He was a creative child – he made model aeroplanes, played the guitar and read plenty of books – but his first love was physics: "At the age when most kids wanted to be firemen, I wanted to be a nuclear physicist. I never made it because my arithmetic was too bad." Throughout his life Douglas would relish the company of scientists, and he was more than equal to sparring intellectually with them on the highest of theoretical plains. But the scientist in him never sought to be more than an enthusiastic amateur; he was first and foremost a creative artist, albeit one whose comprehension of the beauty and significance of pure science surpassed that of most.

City of Death: Time Lords and a 'tec in search of many Mona Lisas

Photographs: BBC (© BBC Worldwide Ltd)

Young Douglas was a keen reader of the *Eagle*, the home of Dan Dare and the Mekon, and it was here that his work first saw print: the 27 February 1965 edition carried a humorous short story by DN Adams (12), about a man who reports to a lost property office but can't remember what it is that he's lost. Following a bang on the head he finds it – his memory. It's always tempting to over-interpret juvenilia, but in its well-turned simplicity the *Eagle* story reveals a mind already getting to grips with the possibilities of philosophical wordplay, not to mention the comic potential of slapstick violence: two fundamental and much-loved ingredients in his mature work.

By this time, Douglas was already a dedicated fan of the BBC's latest science fiction hero. "I remember when I was at school I wrote an episode of *Doctor Who* just for us to do on the tape recorder," he would later recall. "I suppose it was a parody of *Doctor Who*; Daleks being powered by Rice Krispies is about all I can remember ... how embarrassing." It's worth noting that Douglas appeared to remember enough of the 1965 Christmas episode of *The Daleks' Master Plan* to include a close reworking of the cricket match sequence in *Life, the Universe and Everything*.

From a very early age he was enormously tall – he would eventually grow to 6'5", the same height as two of his idols, John Cleese and Peter Cook (Douglas once remarked that Graham Chapman, at a mere 6'3", was thus four per cent less funny). It was when he first saw Cleese in the BBC's satirical trailblazer *The Frost Report* that Douglas' ambitions began to move away from nuclear physics, medicine, English literature or even rock stardom. "I wanted to be John Cleese," he confessed. "It took me some time to realise that the job was taken."

He left school in December 1970, having won an exhibition to read English at St John's College, Cambridge. Academically this was a fine achievement, but for Douglas Cambridge held a further significance: now smitten with the idea of becoming a writer-performer, he was determined to join the famous Footlights, the breeding ground for Monty Python, *Beyond the Fringe* and practically every other emerging British comic talent.

In the months prior to going up to Cambridge, Douglas decided to hitch-hike to Istanbul. The trip was not a great success – he contracted food poisoning and was forced to cut the enterprise short, returning home by train and being hospitalised in England – but he would later recall a noteworthy incident that had occurred on the outward journey. One night in Innsbruck, a little drunk and unable to afford a room in a youth hostel, he had found himself lying in a field, staring up at the stars and clutching his stolen copy of *The Hitchhiker's Guide to Europe*. "Somebody really ought to write a *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*," he thought to himself as he drifted off to sleep. And then he promptly forgot all about the idea.

At Cambridge Douglas became disenchanted with Footlights, whose ruling committee he found "aloof and rather pleased with themselves", and he soon formed a rival group. But his association with Footlights was to have long-lasting consequences, for it was there that Douglas met Simon Jones and Geoffrey McGivern – who would play the original Arthur Dent and Ford Prefect respectively.

Graduating in 1974, Douglas now embarked on three colourful but frustrating years of abortive projects and unfulfilled ambitions. His first break came when he was contacted by Graham Chapman, who had admired Douglas' sketches for the 1974 Footlights show and was on the lookout for a new writing partner following John Cleese's departure from the Monty Python stable. Thus it was that Douglas found himself making a couple of walk-on appearances in the final series of *Monty Python's Flying Circus* (he played a surgeon and one of the falsetto-voiced Python ladies), and working on new material for the LP version of *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*. Adams also collaborated on Chapman's memoir, *A Liar's Autobiography*, and together the pair penned an episode of *Doctor on the Go*. Their less successful projects included a BBC2 sketch show called *Out of the Trees* starring Chapman and Simon Jones, of which only one episode was made, and an hour-long science fiction comedy vehicle for Ringo Starr which never got off the ground. One sequence in the Ringo Starr script was based on an idea Douglas had already submitted to the *Doctor Who* production office, marking his first direct contact with the show (he later recalled "a synopsis which was sent back rather curtly with a note saying it was a terrible mess"). He would eventually rework the concept as the Golgafrincham B-Ark sequence in *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*.

In 1976 the partnership with Chapman came to an end, largely thanks to Chapman's ongoing struggle with alcoholism. Douglas was invited back to Cambridge to direct that year's Footlights revue, but the show was not a conspicuous triumph. Adams' flatmate John Lloyd, another Footlights alumnus, was now producing Radio 4's long-running topical comedy show *Week Ending*, and with his encouragement Douglas wrote some sketches for the show – but most were considered too idiosyncratic, and few were broadcast.

By now Douglas was both depressed and broke. "1976 was my worst year," he later admitted. "I'd decided I was hopeless at writing and I'd never earn any money at it." He was on the point of giving up altogether when a saviour appeared in the form of BBC producer Simon Brett, a colleague of Lloyd's. Brett immediately warmed to the young writer and commissioned some sketches for his Radio 4 comedy show *The Burkiss Way*. One of them, about a kamikaze pilot who keeps returning unscathed from his missions, drew considerable praise from the BBC's programme developers. Recognising that here was "a talent without a niche", Brett arranged a meeting in February 1977 at which he invited Douglas to pitch ideas for a comedy show of his own.

Douglas had already developed numerous abortive ideas for a science fiction comedy (in addition to the Ringo Starr script, he had worked on at least two concepts with Lloyd – one about aliens Earth for a different reason. The first was to be a satire on council bureaucracy, beginning with a man's house being demolished to make way for a bypass before mirroring the same situation on a planetary scale. "It was while I was tinkering with the story idea for the first one that I thought, to give the story perspective, there really ought to be somebody on Earth who is an alien who knows what's going on," he later recalled. "Then I remembered this title I'd thought of while lying in a field in Innsbruck in 1971 and thought, OK, he's a roving researcher for *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*. And the more I thought about it, the more that seemed to be a promising idea for a continuing story ..."

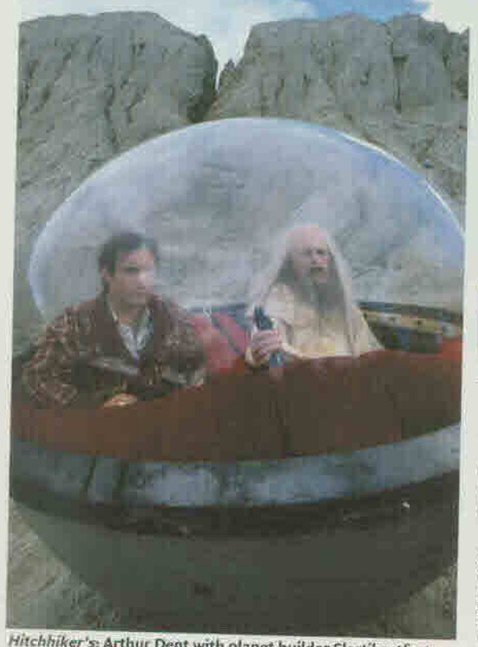
The 'promising idea' blossomed into a three-page outline, and a pilot episode was written and recorded in the spring. Then came a pregnant pause, during which Douglas, in some desperation, sent the script to the *Doctor Who* production office in the hope that it might drum up some interim work. In August, word finally came through that six episodes of *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* had been commissioned. With Simon Brett departing to work at LWT, the series was handed to Light Entertainment's most junior producer, 25 year-old Geoffrey Perkins.

Adams was very firm on what *Hitchhiker's* was not going to be: although a radio comedy, it was not the sort of programme to be recorded before a live audience with sound effects patched in on the hoof. A long-time fan of the studio experimentation of rock groups like Pink Floyd and the Beatles, Adams with himself and his successor Anthony Read in the spring of 1977. "I met the two of them and Graham Williams, the producer," Adams later recalled, "and talked about ideas. The one that I came up with that they thought was promising was *The Pirate Planet* ..." Originally intended as a stop-gap while Radio 4 made up its mind about *Hitchhiker's*, in the end *The Pirate Planet* was commissioned in the very same week as the radio series.

Thus began a period of frantic activity. Hot on the heels of the first four *Hitchhiker's* episodes, Adams wrote *The Pirate Planet* between November 1977 and January 1978. "In a way I preferred writing the *Doctor Who* scripts to *Hitchhiker's*," he confessed later, "because I would be made to get the plot straight first. In *The Pirate Planet*, the plot was much more tightly worked-out than was apparent in the final show, because it had to be cut back so far in terms of time." *The Pirate Planet*, as it eventually reached the screen, was hardly an unqualified success – but beyond a few unsteady production values and some occasionally obscure plotting can be discerned the hallmarks of classic Douglas Adams. It's a story of iconic images and exhilarating ambition, revolving around a heady mixture of hard-nosed physics and mind-expanding fantasy: most fans place *The Pirate Planet* comfortably in the upper ranks of one of the show's most ambitious seasons.

"After the *Doctor Who* episodes I was absolutely wiped out," Adams later recalled. Feeling that he had simply "run out of words", he enlisted John

DOUGLAS ADAMS SEDUCED THE IMAGINATION WITH A HOMESPUN LOGIC SO WILDLY PREPOSTEROUS IT SEEMED 20 TIMES MORE INTERESTING THAN REALITY



Hitchhiker's: Arthur Dent with planet builder Slartibartfast

'And hooptiously drangle me ...' The Vogon Captain composes an ode

challenging mankind to a contest based on the sillier achievements in the *Guinness Book of Records*, and another, called *Snow Seven and the White Dwarfs*, about an astronomical observatory on Everest). He now suggested to Brett a series of six self-contained plays under the title *The Ends of the Earth*, each of which would culminate in the destruction of the

wanted *Hitchhiker's* to be a masterpiece of sonic engineering. With the assistance of the BBC Radiophonic Workshop, Perkins and his team worked tirelessly to concoct the most complex, multi-layered sound design ever to have assailed the ears of radio listeners.

However, long before the scripts had been completed, other demands were bearing heavily on Adams' time. A notoriously painstaking and deadline-defying worker, plagued throughout his career by acute writer's block ("I love deadlines," he famously remarked, "I love the whooshing noise they make as they go by"), he had only completed the first four episodes of *Hitchhiker's* when he was forced to switch his attention to a pressing deadline from the *Doctor Who* production office. The *Hitchhiker's* pilot script had landed on the desk of Robert Holmes during the last days of his tenure as *Doctor Who*'s script editor – and, impressed by what he read, Holmes had called Adams to a meeting

Lloyd to help write the last two episodes of *Hitchhiker's* (he had already formulated the conclusion – the Golgafrincham B-Ark crashing on prehistoric Earth – but the Hagguenon encounter was co-written with Lloyd, which explains its omission from the later versions).

Remarkably, *Hitchhiker's* was the first BBC radio science fiction series since *Journey Into Space* back in the 1950s. Less remarkably, once the show was completed the Radio 4 schedulers had absolutely no idea what to do with it. The first series received no advance publicity and was tucked away inconspicuously at 10.30pm on Wednesday evenings – it seemed that *Hitchhiker's* was already being written off by embarrassed BBC bosses. Much to their amazement, when the first episode was aired on 8 March 1978 it won favourable reviews in two national newspapers, and word-of-mouth spread. By the time the sixth episode was broadcast on 12 April, the show had become a cult.

In *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* Adams skilfully interwove the grammar of popular science-fiction with a more parochial, Wodehousean line in philosophical comedy. For all its farcical situations and quickfire gags, *Hitchhiker's* has at its heart a profound sense of melancholy and yearning. A recurrent motif of existential paranoia – what are we all doing here? – permeates every major story-line. Time and again, the history of the Earth and the nature of creation are debased, exposed as alien

forgeries. The ruler of the universe turns out to be a senile old man in a shack who doesn't believe the universe exists. God's final message to his creation is "We apologise for the inconvenience".

It's perhaps not surprising that *Hitchhiker's* is underpinned by this returning sense of existential angst, for Douglas Adams was not without his demons. He would later explain that *Hitchhiker's* emerged from what he described as the "catatonic spiral of depression" that had engulfed him in 1976. "I can remember actually spending an entire day crouched behind the sofa, crying," he recalled recently. "When people ask me, 'What made you write *Hitchhiker's*?', which they often do, the answer is poverty and despair, and without it, I don't suppose I ever would have written it."

At around the time that *Hitchhiker's* began its broadcast and *The Pirate Planet* was entering production, Douglas accepted a full-time job as a producer for Radio 4's Light Entertainment department, acutely aware that *Hitchhiker's* was by no means guaranteed to be a success. "I produced *Week Ending* for a few weeks," he recalled. "As the most junior member of the department I was getting all the bum jobs, like a programme on the history of practical jokes which involved going out and interviewing Max Bygraves and Des O'Connor."

It was not to last. After less than six months, Douglas handed in his notice and accepted another offer that had come his way – one which appealed far more to his creative instincts and offered a more obvious outlet for his talents. On the strength of *The Pirate Planet* (and, doubtless, *Hitchhiker's*), Douglas Adams had been invited to take over as script editor of *Doctor Who*.

Taking up the post in November 1978, Douglas was alarmed to discover that the BBC was unwilling to finance an overlap with the outgoing Anthony Read. "I chatted to him, we had a few drinks together, but that's about it," he explained. "It's called being thrown in at the deep end!" The first story to receive his attention was *The Armageddon Factor*, the final episode of which required some reworking to complete the season's 'Key to Time' cycle.

Adams' period on *Doctor Who* was attacked by many fans at the time – and is still regarded with suspicion by a shrinking minority – for appearing not to take the programme's concepts seriously. But Adams earnestly denied that his was a camped-up vision of *Doctor Who*, insisting that the humour was merely a small but essential counterpoint to the dramatic narrative. "My aim was to create apparently bizarre situations and then pursue the logic so much that it became real," he explained. "The trouble is that as soon as you produce scripts with some humour in them, there is a temptation on the part of the people making the show to say, 'This is a funny bit. Let's pull out the stops, have fun, and be silly.' ... I can understand people saying 'They weren't taking it seriously', but in writing it I was taking it terribly seriously."

If tongue-in-cheek ad-libs, comic accents and inappropriate designs occasionally hampered the telling of tales like *The Creature From the Pit* and *Nightmare of Eden* – not to mention Adams' own *The Pirate Planet* and *Shada* – there was one production in which every aspiration came good, resulting in a show that delivered on every level. Douglas Adams' greatest gift to *Doctor Who* was the story which, thanks in part to the industrial action that blacked out ITV transmissions during the autumn of 1979, remains to this day the most-watched *Doctor Who* adventure of all time. *City of Death* had begun – with a different title, setting and plot – in the hands of *Doctor Who* veteran David Fisher, but, as Adams later explained, the writer had "been having terrible family problems ... he was in real turmoil. He'd done his best, but he didn't have a script that was going to work, and we were in deep trouble. This was Friday, and the producer came to me and said, 'We've got a director coming on Monday, we have to have a new four-episode show by Monday!' So he took me back to his place, locked me in his study and hosed me down with whisky and black coffee for a few days, and there was the script."

As was so often the case in *Doctor Who*'s history, out of a crisis came triumph. For many fans (this one included), *City of Death* remains the show's ultimate achievement, encapsulating in four beautifully constructed episodes everything that was brave, clever, witty, dramatic, humane and heroic about *Doctor Who* at the height of its golden age. It represents the very pinnacle of *Doctor Who*'s potential for blending comedy with menace, but most

Another Captain. No poet. *The Pirate Planet*

'Let them gawp, let them gape': Romana and the Doctor *en Paris. City of Death*

importantly of all, beneath the wrapping of photogenic tomfoolery, the story itself is serious and mind-boggling.

The ideas that fuel *City of Death* operate on a grand scale, revisiting themes already explored by *Hitchhiker's*: once again, Earth's history is exposed as a mucked-up palimpsest, over-written by alien meddling (both Scaroth's and the Doctor's), and once again Adams raises an anxiety about the nature of authenticity: "If they have to X-ray it to find out whether it's good or not, we might as well have painting by computer," concludes the Doctor of the Mona Lisa, summing up one of Adams' abiding concerns: that notions of art and authenticity reside in the eye of the beholder, and the only barrier to credibility is imaginative freedom.

So, not for Douglas Adams the plodding tedium of a universe that's scientifically accountable down to the last starship rivet; he belonged to a different class of storyteller, preferring to seduce the imagination with a logic so wildly preposterous that it seemed just as plausible and 20 times more interesting. While some authors might devote pages of leaden prose to the task of powering their spaceships on hard-boiled concepts endorsed by chums at NASA, Adams preferred to run his spacecraft on improbability factors, or the life-force of planets, or the mathematical anomalies generated by Italian restaurant bills. Where some might employ a convoluted story arc to explain why everyone in the galaxy speaks English, Adams solved the problem by sticking a fish in Arthur Dent's ear. But the genius lay in his ability to extrapolate from such absurdities: at first the Babel Fish looks like a throwaway gag but, before we've had time to stop laughing, it has become the springboard for a debate about the existence of God.

Adams' imprimatur is unmistakable throughout the succession of complex, sparky and surprising stories that make up *Doctor Who*'s 17th season; his insistence on logical and progressive plotting is everywhere in evidence, as is his penchant for throwing the strangest spanners into the story-telling machine at the most unexpected moments. It's difficult to imagine that the charming introduction of the children's game of scissors, paper and stone as the thematic bedrock of *Destiny of the Daleks* is anything other than a pure Adams embellishment, while the audacious astrophysics of *The Creature From the Pit* and *The Horns of Nimon*, similar in feel to much of *Hitchhiker's*, remain bizarrely more plausible and definitely more enjoyable than the bone-dry scientific respectability so loudly championed by Adams' successor. Here was a season that pushed the poetic powers of *Doctor Who* to new limits.

Famously, its climax was to have been another Adams epic, the six-part *Shada*, which grew from the light-hearted proposal that a retired *Time Lord* would have no trouble posing unnoticed for centuries as a professor at one of "the older Cambridge colleges". *Shada*, of course, became the legendary lost *Doctor Who* story, abandoned mid-production owing to industrial action. On the evidence of the surviving footage it seems unlikely that *Shada* would really have lived up to its unsolicited reputation as the crowning glory of the

season: the affectionately written and beautifully mounted Cambridge sequences are more inventive and successful than the main Skagra plot, and Adams himself was less than happy with the script. "I think that's not such a great story," he later admitted. "If it had been finished and broadcast, it would never have aroused so much interest."

By the beginning of 1980, *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* had become sufficiently successful for Adams to give up the *Doctor Who* job. The publication of the first *Hitchhiker's* novel by Pan Books the previous October signalled the moment at which Adams' creation transformed from a cult to a major phenomenon; within three months, the novel had sold over a quarter of a million copies. It was an expanded version of the first four episodes of the radio show, embroidered with masses of new detail (it was in the book, for example, that towels made their first appearance). It remains one of Adams' finest achievements; although notoriously self-critical, he admitted 20 years later that he was "pleased with the way it reads. I feel it flows nicely. It feels as if it were easy to write, and I know how difficult that was to achieve."

Advertised on the last page of the *Hitchhiker's* novel was a double LP of the radio series, which was in fact a completely re-recorded (and in some places rewritten) variation on the first four episodes. A second LP covered the last two episodes, replacing the Hagguenon section with a new plot about Disaster Area's stunt ship which would appear in most subsequent versions. Both records sold in their hundreds of thousands.

The stage adaptations, of which there were three between 1979 and 1980, were not quite so successful. First off the mark was a small-scale production at London's ICA which ran from 1-9 May 1979. Directed by Sylvester McCoy's erstwhile mentor Ken Campbell, its main gimmick was a giant compressed-air hovercraft on which the 80-strong audience was floated around the auditorium. A second adaptation was presented from January to February 1980 by the prestigious Welsh company Theatr Clywd. Based more closely on the original radio scripts, this version was also warmly received and there was talk of a transfer to London's Old Vic. However, by this time Adams had already offered the London rights to Ken Campbell, who duly opened the third and most ambitious stage version of *Hitchhiker's* on 16 July 1980 at the 3,000-seat Rainbow Theatre. Adams wrote some new material for this show, including the 'Dish of the Day' sequence later included in the book and TV versions. But sadly the Rainbow production, with its £300,000 budget, was an unmitigated disaster, burying the detail and wit of Adams' dialogue beneath swathes of laser beams, earthquake effects and live music. Critically panned and soon playing to 20% capacity, it closed three weeks early.

By this time, the second radio series of *Hitchhiker's* had long since aired. What is commonly regarded as its first episode had in fact been recorded as a one-off special as early as November 1978, and broadcast on Christmas Eve that year. The remaining five 'Fits' (as Adams dubbed all the *Hitchhiker's* episodes, after Lewis Carroll's *The Hunting of the Snark*) began taping in May 1979, with a view to beginning broadcast the following January. Plans were thrown into disarray in the autumn when Radio 4 bosses announced that they were to strip the episodes on five consecutive nights in exchange for the honour of a *Radio Times* cover. As a result, the latter end of the season became a logistic nightmare; Adams, who was up to his neck in *Doctor Who* and the first *Hitchhiker's* novel at the time, later recalled that: "They were recording part of the show in one part of the studio, while I was in another part of the studio actually writing the next scene."

Heralded by the promised *Radio Times* cover feature, the second series of *Hitchhiker's* was a critical success, although its meandering plot lacked the meticulous clarity of the first; Adams simply had no time for the ferocious self-editing and re-drafting that had gone into the original series. Some elements – like Zaphod's trip to the Total Perspective Vortex, the Vogon attack on the Heart of Gold and the visit to the Man in the Shack – were soon reworked into the second book alongside material from the first series. Others were either condensed or abandoned altogether. Written in four weeks (during which Adams was confined to a flat rented by Pan Books to ensure he met the deadline), 1980's *The Restaurant at the End of the Universe* was more coherent and successful than the second radio series, and always remained Adams' own favourite of the *Hitchhiker's* books. He announced very firmly that it would also be the last, a label he would attach to three more books over the next decade or so.

Meanwhile the BBC had entered production on yet another version of *Hitchhiker's* – the one which was to be the most high-profile and controversial of all. There had been talk of a television adaptation since 1979 when John Lloyd, now producing *Not the Nine o'Clock News*, had suggested the idea to his Head of Department. By the time the show entered production Lloyd had been sidelined, and the six-part BBC TV adaptation was placed in the hands of Light Entertainment director-producer Alan Bell. Sadly neither Adams nor Lloyd (nor, apparently, many of the cast) enjoyed working with Bell – who, according to Adams, "had very little sympathy with the script," and according to Lloyd, "was much more interested in the technical side".

So the television version, screened in January and February 1981, was a flawed success. Some of its innovations were magnificent, notably the dazzling animation of the Guide itself. The fact that many viewers believed these sequences to be computer-generated (in fact, every frame was done by hand) was a tribute to Pearce Studios, the independent company responsible. Equally successful were the recasting of Ford Prefect (David Dixon brought to the character a puckish, delinquent quality lacking on radio) and Trillian (Sandra Dickinson invested the most under-written *Hitchhiker's* character with real humour and sparkle; her then-husband Peter Davison, shortly to be unveiled as the new Doctor Who, turned up to play the Dish of the Day). Douglas himself made a couple of brief appearances: he can be seen in the pub in the first episode, and as the naked man wading into the sea in Episode Two.

Rather less triumphant were some of the live-action visual effects, epitomised by the sheer impossibility of creating Zaphod Beeblebrox's extra head on a BBC budget. "I wasn't as pleased with the TV series as I was with the radio series," Adams confessed later. "Television pictures stifle the picturing facilities of the mind ..." Nevertheless the TV show was a major success, winning awards, shifting several million more copies of the books, and raising the public profile of *Hitchhiker's* to a new level. It even spawned the minor hit single Marvin, a robotic rap performed by 'paranoid android' actor Stephen Moore and co-written with Douglas ("You know what makes me really mad?/They clean me with a Brillo Pad!").

A second television series was mooted, but Adams made it clear that he would not work with Alan Bell again. "I felt very let down by the fact that though John Lloyd was meant to be producer he was rapidly moved aside, much to the detriment of the show," he later explained. "I'd always made it clear that I wanted Geoffrey Perkins, at the very least as a consultant ... I didn't want to go into the second series without the situation being remedied in some way, and the BBC was not prepared to come up with a remedy." And that, give or take a short-lived plan by ABC Television to make an American version in 1981 ("thank heaven, abortive," said Douglas later, "It was like every horror story you have ever heard"), was the end of the show's short television career.

FOR ALL ITS FARCICAL SITUATIONS AND GAGS, *THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY* HAS AT ITS HEART A PROFOUND SENSE OF MELANCHOLY AND YEARNING

The Restaurant at the End of the Universe. Below: Zaphod Beeblebrox

By the end of 1981 *Hitchhiker's* had taken off in the States, and Pan was clamouring for another novel. 1982's *Life, the Universe and Everything* was the first *Hitchhiker's* book to be written independently of material from the radio series; instead its origins lay in an abandoned *Doctor Who* storyline Adams had devised back in 1978. Called *Doctor Who and the Krikkitmen*, it involved a race of aliens who arrive on Earth to steal the Ashes from Lord's cricket ground, a whimsical premise from which evolved a tale of vicious xenophobia and intergalactic genocide bound up in the Krikkitmen's quest to release their planet from a Gallifreyan time trap. Originally dismissed by Graham Williams as "too silly", the storyline was subsequently pitched to the BBC as a treatment for a prospective *Doctor Who* movie, but nothing came of that either. In 1981 Adams revived the Krikkitmen as the basis for the proposed second TV series of *Hitchhiker's*, and when that was abandoned he redeveloped it for his third novel.

Shada: Romana and the Doctor find a cosmically important tome in a Cambridge college

Its origins as a prepared storyline, rather than a series of episodic adventures, meant that *Life, the Universe and Everything* was the most coherent and "novelistic" of the *Hitchhiker's* books so far. Despite plenty of new plot tangents and some brilliantly dark humour, it was less obviously sprinkled with gags and one-liners, prompting reviewers to complain that it wasn't as funny as its predecessors. Adams attributed the darker tone in part to the unhappy personal circumstances under which it was written (his girlfriend had just left him), but also explained that he had found it difficult to work his essentially amoral, hedonistic *Hitchhiker's* protagonists into a storyline that required the ethical motivation of a *Doctor Who* hero. At the time Adams was less than satisfied with *Life, the Universe and Everything* – but, as he later admitted, "It's true of each book I've written that I've hated it, and then written the next book, and was so busy hating the next book I discovered I rather liked the previous book." The quietly compelling *Life, the Universe and Everything* is now regarded by many as the finest of the *Hitchhiker's* novels.

In 1982 Douglas was again collaborating with his friend John Lloyd. Having co-written two episodes of the animated children's series *Dr Snuggles*, they returned to an idea that had begun as an alcohol-fuelled parlour game: the idea was that one player would nominate a place-name, the more obscure the better, and the other would dream up a definition for the word based on some area of human experience for which no term yet existed – thus, for example, 'Leeming' came to define "The business of making silly faces at babies", while 'Blandford Forum' accurately described "Any Radio 4 chat show". Thus was born *The Meaning of Liff*, a delightful piece of observational comedy written by Lloyd and Adams in a rented beach hut in Malibu.

After completing work on *Liff*, Douglas spent most of 1983 in Los Angeles working on the screenplay for a movie version of *Hitchhiker's*. As early as 1979 he had been offered $50,000 for the film rights, but had wisely held out on a deal until he could be confident of retaining sufficient creative control. The 1983 project revolved around a mooted collaboration with *Animal House* director Ivan Reitman, but Adams later described the period as a "lost year" of compromises that left neither party happy: "Ivan and I didn't really see eye-to-eye ... In fact, it turned out he hadn't actually read the book before he bought it. He'd merely read the sales figures." Frustrated by his first brush with Hollywood, Douglas returned to Britain at the end of 1983 and accepted an astronomical advance to begin work on the fourth *Hitchhiker's* novel.

Written in a suite at London's Berkeley Hotel in less than three weeks (once again deadlines had come and gone; eventually Douglas was chained to his desk by an exasperated editor), *So Long, and Thanks For All the Fish* marked a new phase in the series. The shortest and least typical *Hitchhiker's* book of all, it conveyed in part Adams' frustration with a growing sense that his creations had become public property. "I had the feeling during that period of the whole world looking over my shoulder while I was writing ... Every time someone would write to me and say, 'What are you going to do with this character?' or, 'Why don't you do this to resolve this situation?', then you instantly shy away from it and think it's no longer yours to control." *So Long, and Thanks For All the Fish* overturned expectations by returning Arthur Dent to an Earth apparently not destroyed after all, by giving him a girlfriend (but not Trillian, to the distress of fans), and, most controversially, by omitting Zaphod Beeblebrox altogether. "It was a chore," Adams explained. "People were saying, 'Let's have a Zaphod bit,' and I didn't feel like doing a Zaphod bit!" Even the much-loved Marvin has only a cameo role, Adams' frustration bubbling up in a rather bad-tempered sideswipe at the end of one chapter: "Those who wish to know should read on. Others may wish to skip on to the last chapter which is a good bit and has Marvin in it."

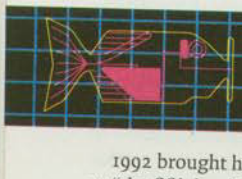
Unsurprisingly, *So Long* was a book that split opinion right down the middle – it was a source of disappointment to some fans, while others cite it as their favourite. As usual, Adams himself was initially displeased with it. It's certainly a colder, less knockabout work than its predecessors, but the quality of the writing is beyond question, building to a melancholic climax as finely imagined and touchingly handled as the best of his work.

Adams' other major project of 1984, and one with which he was far more satisfied, was the text-based *Hitchhiker's* computer game incorporating a short novel's worth of material based around the player's efforts to escape Earth before its destruction and negotiate a passage to the *Heart of Gold*. This massively complex game was a huge success in America, breaking sales records and setting new standards in its field. It was the first time that a well-known author had written a computer game based on his own work; Adams, a confirmed technophobe only 18 months earlier, suddenly found himself at the cutting edge of interactive technology. He would remain there, championing the IT revolution in general and Apple Macintosh computers in particular, for the rest of his life.

In November 1985, having announced that he felt "written out of *Hitchhiker's*" and wished to "find a whole new set of characters and a new environment", Adams signed a $2 million, two-book deal with Heinemann. Its first fruit, published in April 1987, was *Dirk Gently's Holistic Detective Agency*, which introduced readers to a new breed of detective, the disreputable Dirk Gently, whose belief in "the fundamental interconnectedness of all things" allows him to invoice his clients for extravagant restaurant bills and trips to the Bahamas. The plot was familiar to *Doctor Who* fans, concerning one Professor Chronotis and a trip back in time to prevent the obliteration of the human race – although Duggan's punch from *City of Death* was supplanted by an altogether more erudite means of changing history. Critics were bemused, berating the novel for what it wasn't (disappointed that it wasn't a *Hitchhiker's* book, they were doubly distressed to discover it wasn't really a detective story either), and the result was the sore undervaluing of a far livelier and better constructed novel than its predecessor. The second Dirk Gently book, *The Long Dark Tea-Time of the Soul*, appeared in October 1988, and is probably the least regarded of all Adams' novels; a pity, as the dizzying tale of severed heads, henpecked Norse Gods and electronic I Ching calculators is among his most imaginative and disturbing. But by the time it appeared, its author had already embarked on a new project – one which was to realign his entire view of the world and inspire the work that he, and many others, would consider his finest achievement.

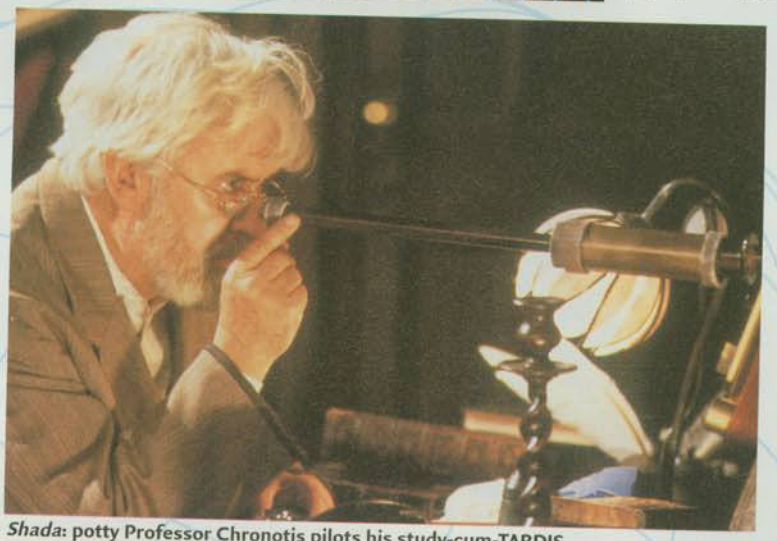
Back in 1985, Douglas had been paired off with the zoologist Mark Carwardine to file a report for the *Observer* colour supplement on one of the rarest mammals in the world, the nocturnal aye-aye of Madagascar. The expedition, commemorated in a Radio 4 documentary, was described by Douglas as "a life-changing experience". Entranced and appalled by the stories Carwardine told him about the extinction rate of the world's endangered species, he proposed that they set aside time for a major collaboration – but it wasn't until May 1988

that Adams and Carwardine embarked on a year-long expedition through some of the world's ecological hotspots, discovering at first hand the plight of a succession of endangered species: the Komodo dragons of Indonesia, the flightless kakapo of New Zealand, the Yangtze river dolphins of China, and so on. The result, co-written with Carwardine and published in 1990 following a Radio 4 series, was *Last Chance to See ...*, the book of which Douglas Adams was the most proud and of which he spoke with the greatest passion. *Last Chance to See ...* is an urgent environmental alarm-call and a deeply troubled meditation on what it means to be a member of the species that holds a planet's fate in its hands. But it's also a sublimely beautiful piece of travel writing, and in the right places, it's possibly his funniest book of all. It remains arguably his finest book, and certainly his most important.



WE HAVE LOST ONE OF THE MOST PERCEPTIVE SATIRISTS OF THE AGE

1992 brought his final novel. Billed as "the fifth book in the increasingly inaccurately named *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* trilogy", *Mostly Harmless* was more tightly constructed than *So Long, and Thanks For All the Fish*, and its increased science fiction content brought it more in line with the earlier *Hitchhiker's* books. Even so, both Zaphod and Marvin were now absent, and the remaining protagonists barely met one another. The reader is wrong-footed by much talk of parallel universes and alternative fates, and the prevailing atmosphere is once again sombre and reflective, clearly tempered by new perspectives that Douglas had gained from his travels; the evocative passages describing the migrating herds of Perfectly Normal Beasts on the Anhondo Plain simply wouldn't have appeared in a previous Adams novel. "*Mostly Harmless* is a very bleak book," he admitted recently. "I'd quite like to maybe do another *Hitchhiker* book that sort of perks up the tone again."



***Shada*: potty Professor Chronotis pilots his study-cum-TARDIS**

In November 1991 Douglas married barrister Jane Belson; their daughter Polly was born in 1994. At his 40th birthday party in 1992, Douglas introduced his erstwhile *Doctor Who* colleague Lalla Ward to her future husband, the eminent geneticist Richard Dawkins; the two had become friends after Dawkins had written to Douglas expressing his delight at the first Dirk Gently novel.

Having confessed that he had begun to feel "like a mouse on a wheel", professionally speaking, Douglas had entered a period of "creative crop rotation". After *Mostly Harmless*, his energies were directed more and more towards his fascination with information technology. A second computer game, *Bureaucracy*, had appeared in 1987 (inspired by Douglas' exasperation at his bank's inability to implement his change of address, the game allowed players to let off steam against red-tape idiocy). In 1990 he wrote and presented an hour-long BBC documentary called *Hyperland*, in which he was guided through a multimedia dreamscape by a software agent played by Tom Baker; although some of the show's predictions now appear a little quaint, Adams accurately foresaw the development and massive influence of the world wide web.

Indeed, it became increasingly obvious during the 1990s that the space-age book Douglas had created back in 1977 bore uncanny similarities with the burgeoning web: both were electronic directories collating incalculable masses of information, including much that was apocryphal, or at least wildly inaccurate. In 1996 Adams launched The Digital Village, a multimedia company designed to develop "CD-ROM products, online services, television series, feature films and global events". A year later came the launch of *Starship Titanic*, a computer game jointly devised by Douglas. He would take his enthusiasm for interactive technology further with the launch in April 1999 of *h2g2.com*, an updated development of The Digital Village which was effectively an online version of the Guide itself, using sophisticated software to allow budding Ford Prefects to log their own entries on countless subjects, serious or otherwise. The following year Adams negotiated the sale of the site to BBC New Media, and as of March 2001 its address became *www.bbc.co.uk/h2g2*. Douglas Adams' last great gift to the world continues to expand on a daily basis.

In 1999 Douglas moved to Santa Barbara, California, largely to be near the negotiations that had once more sprung up regarding a *Hitchhiker's* movie. He once described the ongoing process of getting the film off the ground as "like trying to grill a steak by having a succession of people coming into the room and breathing on it", but in 1998 he spoke enthusiastically of the project, explaining that the success of the in-the-same-vein *Men in Black* had once again kick-started production. A deal was signed with Disney subsidiary Caravan, and *Austin Powers* director Jay Roach was assigned. Then everything went quiet again. Whether we will now see the film remains uncertain – but in any case, the prospect of *Hitchhiker's* let loose in Hollywood without the guiding hand of its creator is not necessarily an attractive one.

There were other putative projects that will now never see the light of day. Douglas had already suggested that his second movie might be an adaptation of the first Dirk Gently book, and earlier this year he whetted fans' appetites by announcing that he was preparing to write a new novel. Only a week before his death, Radio 4 finished broadcasting Adams' latest series, *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Future*, in which he explored the shape of things to come in an increasingly electronic society.

While Douglas Adams became a source of inspiration for a generation of writers, the many theories about his own influences remain a matter for debate. He was often described as a modern Lewis Carroll, but he denied that *Alice in Wonderland* was of particular significance to his work; it has been suggested that there are explicit connections with *Pilgrim's Progress*, too. But Douglas was adamant that nothing he wrote was fundamentally "based on" or intended to "parallel" anything else: "Once you've decided to find parallels you can find them all the time ... You could pick up the Bible and the telephone directory, and you could prove that each has a direct relationship to the other." Douglas Adams certainly had plenty of important things to say – his ecological fervour was absolute, and his disillusion with religious establishments shines through in pretty much everything he wrote – but he cautioned against any attempt to interpret his books as polemics: "If I'd wanted to write a message I'd have written a message," he once observed. "I wrote a book."

Every now and then science fiction purists would decry Adams' work, considering it unrespectably populist and even, on occasion, accusing him of plagiarising 'proper' SF authors (particularly Robert Sheckley, whose *Dimension of Miracles* features an artificially constructed Earth; Adams only read the book after being told of the similarities, and admitted that they were "quite creepy"). But he was never a hardcore fan of science fiction. He revelled in its idiom, its top-dressing of black holes and warp drives and ray guns, but he despaired of its prevailing quality as fiction. Adams suggested that the keystones of his work lay elsewhere – in Kurt Vonnegut, in Monty Python, and in PG Wodehouse. "A much, much stronger influence in my writing is PG Wodehouse," he explained. "He didn't write about robots and spaceships, though, so people don't spot it. They are looking for labels."

Douglas Adams regarded himself as neither a great artist nor a science-fiction author; he was simply a writer. But he was far too self-effacing to realise what millions knew for certain: that he was one of the finest writers of popular fiction in the late 20th century. To a generation of new authors he was nothing short of a hero – the man who once wanted to be John Cleese successfully fired countless hopefuls with the ambition to be Douglas Adams, and there can be no greater tribute than that. That he happened to cross *Doctor Who*'s path at the earliest and hungriest stage of his career was a brief encounter for which the show's fans will be forever grateful.

With the death of Douglas Adams at the tragically early age of 49, we have lost one of the most intelligent, perceptive and successful satirists of the age. We have lost a giant of storytelling, a champion of the philanthropic harnessing of new technology, an endlessly delightful and witty observer of life, and a gentle humanist whose anger and frustration at what we're doing to our insignificant blue-green planet was forever tempered by an optimistic belief in the unrealised potential of the primitive ape-descended life forms who inhabit it.

I am much indebted to Neil Gaiman's excellent book Don't Panic: Douglas Adams & The Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy *(Titan, 1993). My thanks to Rob Byrne, Jonathan Morris, Andrew Pixley, Paul Rhodes and Bob Stanley for additional research*

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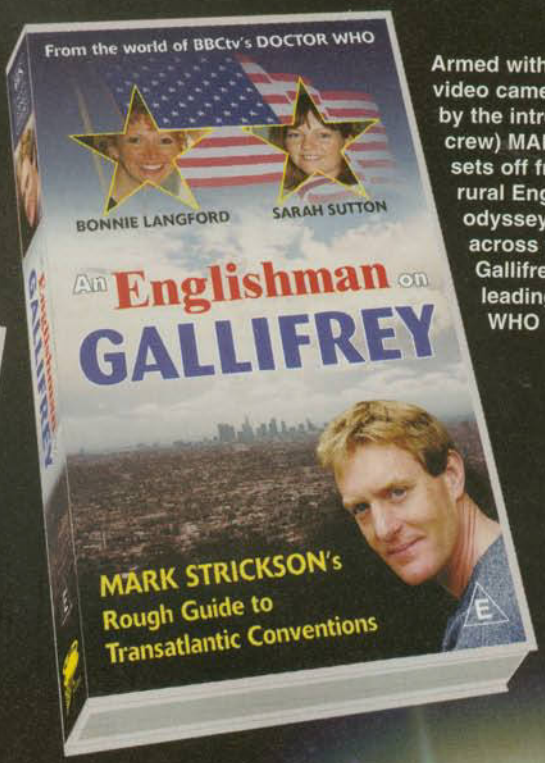

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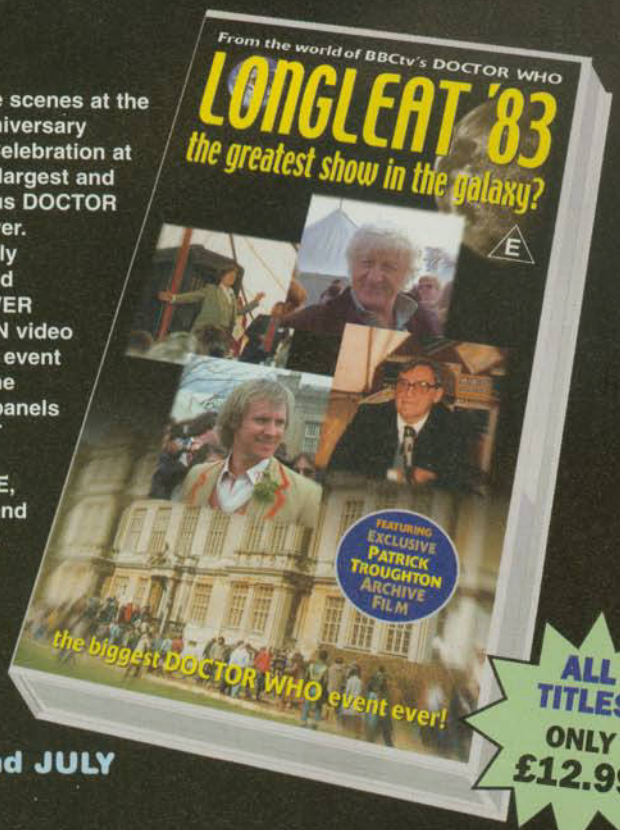
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Origin of species

THE MONSTERS OF *GHOST LIGHT*, *DOWNTIME* AND *LOUPS-GAROUX* WRITER MARC PLATT'S IMAGINATION EVOLVED FROM A DREARY SEASIDE UPBRINGING AND A LEWIS CARROLL FIXATION, HE TELLS BENJAMIN COOK IN THE SECOND AND FINAL PART OF THIS DWM INTERVIEW ...

Marc Platt is engagingly modest. "I don't know whether I've ever had a talent for writing," he says, "but I am incredibly persistent. I have to push myself or else I get lazy." What is it about storytelling that appeals to him, then? "Ooh, um ... I don't really know. Why don't you just ask anorak-y questions? I usually only get asked what my favourite story is!" He grins broadly. "Hmm. Well, I don't have any brothers or sisters and I grew up in a seaside village geared up to summer tourists. Winter was dead, so I had to make my own entertainment. I was forced to use my imagination. Does that answer your question?" And, er, what is your favourite story? "I like *The Deadly Assassin*," he laughs, "and I adore both *The Evil of the Daleks* and *The Talons of Weng-Chiang* ..."

Indeed, Marc's fondness for the programme's forays into Victorian England influenced his controversial contribution to Season 26. "I would like to say that *Ghost Light* is one of my favourite *Doctor Who* stories," he proclaims, "but I wrote it, so I can't! I felt comfortable writing about the Victorian era, rather than creating a whole new alien society. Viewers know where they are with housekeepers, haunted houses, angels and thunderstorms. It was a period in history that I could play with and expand on. I even borrowed a few lines from *The Evil of the Daleks*!" As discussed last issue, *Ghost Light* – working title *The Bestiary* – emerged from Marc's original unused *Lungbarrow* story, which "had a very definite feel to it – and I wanted *Ghost Light* to tread the same path. The script itself was completely rewritten, but many of the concepts remained. I fashioned *Ghost Light* around a house called Gabriel Chase, which was Ace's 'worst place in the Universe' – just as the House of Lungbarrow had been the Doctor's worst place in the Universe. I also kept the villainous housekeeper and her team of murdering maidservants.

"There should have been a reference to the House of Lungbarrow in Part Two of *Ghost Light*," reveals the writer, "but they cut it out at the eleventh hour. The line deliberately contradicted a moment in *The Curse of Fenric* when the Doctor denies having a family. Sylvester [McCoy] changed it to a more explanatory – and wittier – line about the husks. Little did he know what he was doing! One of [then script editor] Andrew Cartmel's catchphrases was 'the Doctor knows what's going on', but I wrote *Ghost Light* as a sort of antidote to that. I decided that, although the Doctor appears to know what's going on, he actually hasn't got a clue! He's working it out for himself as he goes along. Everybody else thought it was the other way round, but I can assure you that the Doctor doesn't have the remotest clue what's going on in *Ghost Light*!

"Andrew was also keen for *Doctor Who* to tackle evolution, which I liked the idea of a lot. I've always been quite fond of natural history. *Ghost Light* emerged from that, really. You get these extraordinary ideas in your head and then you write them down and think, 'Nobody is going to do anything with this. My ideas are just absurd!' The next thing you know is that the designer has walked in with a beautiful model of Gabriel Chase! Then the director tells you that he has cast Sylvia Syms as Mrs Pritchard!"

The three-part *Ghost Light* was a studio-bound production. "I don't like stories that are set outside but shot in a television studio," Marc insists. "City streets always end up looking like studio sets, don't they? 'If I set *Ghost Light* in an enclosed environment,' I thought, 'it will lend the story a more menacing air.' I was influenced very much by *The Robots of Death* – and I cannot say enough how much I like the design of *Ghost Light*. It was just wonderful! Nick Somerville is such a good designer. The amount of detail that went into that set was amazing. There were so many things that the viewers never got to see. I remember popping into the studio the night before recording was due to commence. I was able to wander around the house from room to room. It was extraordinary! I had been told that I was only allowed a certain number of sets – 'Hang on,' I'd said, 'I need more corridors than that!' In fact, Nick designed a set that kind of changed shape to create more room space. He even managed to squeeze in a whole load of extra corridors." Marc is getting enthusiastic. "We had upstairs corridors and downstairs corridors, each with different colour wallpaper! I remember them dressing the set with those amazing animal heads. Somebody told me that they had all been shot and stuffed especially for the programme! That was a bit frightening."

I broach the subject of Marc's very own *Doctor Who* monsters. "Ah, the husks! They were a strange idea." Were they even necessary to the plot? "Probably not. [Producer] John Nathan-Turner told me that he wanted lots of monsters, but I hadn't planned to have that many at all. The husks were only there because JN-T asked for them. I should have done something better with the husks. I wasn't very keen on them, really. Rather than having humans turning into monsters, I had my monsters turning into humans! Isn't that typical? I always turn everything the wrong way round!" Marc seems satisfied with the way his creations were realised on screen: "The masks were lovely," he says, tentatively, "but they could have been awful. Alien societies can look a bit flimsy when you've only got three men in rubber suits. The costume designer was planning to use the heads of the Frog and Fish Footmen from a recent production of *Alice in Wonderland*, but [visual effects assistant] Mike Tucker found time to get two proper masks made. Mike is a good friend. At one point, I'd seriously considered having a 'live' dodo wandering around the house! Mike was eager to make one, but it's probably just as well we didn't! Apparently, somewhere on the reptilian mask there is a mould of [Josiah actor] Ian Hogg's face ... but I've never been able to find it." An eruption of laughter. "It must be there somewhere!"

I ask Marc whether he thinks complaints about the complexity of *Ghost Light* are at all justified. Is the story too incomprehensible for its own good? "I think it probably is," he muses, adding: "Only slightly. Several explanatory scenes were cut for timing reasons. The BBC has since lost the missing footage! They managed to wipe the bloody tapes. You'd think they'd have learned their lesson, wouldn't you?" Would the story have worked better as a four-parter? "Lots of people say that to me, but I think that would have been stretching it a bit. Each episode would have benefitted from an extra five minutes. That would really have made a difference. Reaction shots at the end of scenes were cut very tight. The audience weren't given a chance to get their breath back. *Ghost Light* still has an energy that never ceases to amaze me, but I can still see more holes in the story than anybody else ..."

Is it difficult to write for the 25-minute episode format? "It worries me far more now than it used to," Marc tells me. "When I was working on *Ghost Light*, I didn't know how much I should be writing. That was my inexperience.

'Viewers know where they are with haunted houses, angels and storms'

Recording *Ghost Light*: Light drops into Gabriel Chase

PHOTOGRAPHS: BBC VIDEO [3] STEVE COOK [1] IAN MACKENZIE [1] MARC PLATT [1]

ILLUSTRATION: DARYL JOYCE

Shrine

"[In 1988] I wrote a story called Shrine, *set in 19th century Russia and featuring stone-headed aliens. Andrew Cartmel liked it – and I was duly summoned to his office ..."*

Russia, 1820. A gorgeously sunny summer's day. The TARDIS materialises in the grounds of an elegant Russian country house; the Doctor and Ace emerge, ready for a spot of kite-flying. But alien forces are stirring in the house as the mysterious Alexei Semyonovitch and his beleagured guardians await the return of "them" ... Outside, Ace's kite is grabbed by a strange force and she is dragged across the fields and into a nearby orchard. Giving chase, the Doctor disovers an old glass outhouse filled with a huge plant, a thick green electric cable snaking under the leaves at its base. Suddenly he is grabbed by two serfs, under the command of the burly Semyon. "We don't want strangers here ... especially spies," he growls, as the serfs twist the Doctor's arm and lead him towards the crackling, electrified leaves ...

'Write to the length that you think feels natural,' Andrew would say, 'and then we can cut it down.' He was immensely perceptive about so much of what the programme needed ... but I'm still not sure that he was right in this case."

Marc explains to me the complex triangle of characters – Light, Josiah and Control. "Light is a recording angel. Its mission to record every life form in the cosmos – an endless task that has slowly driven it mad – was based on my own job at the BBC at that time. I was working in Programme Index, cataloguing endless details of radio and television programmes. It never seemed to stop! Light is like the central pivot of a pair of scales, with Control on one side and the Josiah creature on the other. Control is the basic life form against which everything else is measured. When Light arrives on a planet, it sends out its recording agent – and Control stays behind on the observatory ship. The agent adapts to its new environment, but Control remains untouched. The recording agent can then be compared to Control to see how far the agent has changed.

"Josiah is what the recording agent has become on planet Earth. It is evolving into a Victorian gentleman. By the time we see Control, she – or 'it', rather – has also started evolving. In another environment, Control and the recording agent might have taken on totally different forms. They are both capable of high-speed evolution – and so if they had got into the TARDIS, for example, one of them would probably have turned into the Doctor!

"Control and Josiah personify William Blake's concepts of Innocence and Experience," continues Marc. "A lot of *Ghost Light* was based on William Blake. Neither Control nor the agent can exist without the other. Light represents the Biblical theory of creation, which was pretty much shattered by the Darwinian theory of evolution. I deliberately didn't fully explain the character of Light. I thought it became much more powerful if you didn't know what it was. I stand very firmly on that. I know that a lot of people want to know all the details – and *Star Trek* fans are just as bad – but I think it's much better to leave it to the imagination. My other get-out clause is that Light will one day reappear, having been filed by the Doctor under 'Imagination, Lack of'!"

With the scripting over, Marc was allowed to "attend a couple of rehearsals – and pretty much all of the recording." He very quickly had to learn television studio etiquette: "I hadn't a clue. On one occasion, I was standing at the edge of the set when Frank Windsor turned to me and said, 'What about this 'mammoth' line, Marc? Are we keeping it?' And I said, 'Oh, yes, that's fine.' Then Andrew appeared – and he wasn't very happy. 'Marc,' he said, 'you shouldn't have done that! You must go and apologise to John immediately!' I had, apparently, been disrespectful to the director, so JN-T was called down from the control gallery. I went up to him and said, 'Look, John, I'm terribly sorry. I didn't realise the etiquette. I should have referred Frank's request up to [director] Alan Wareing.' John was terribly nice about it. 'Oh, that's fine, Marc. Don't worry!' Little did I know that someone had swung round the microphone boom so that the crew up in the gallery could hear every word of our conversation! The rotten lot were laughing their heads off!"

Nevertheless, Marc seems fond of *Ghost Light*'s admired director. "I thought Alan was marvellous," he enthuses. "He directs actors terribly well. He knows how to get good performances – and his camerawork was stunning. Alan somehow manages to impose style and atmosphere on a piece. He liked my script enormously, but I don't think he was quite sure about all aspects of it – and the recording schedule was very tight. Alan worried that he wasn't getting it right. He was continuously asking me, 'Am I doing this properly?' – and I would reply, 'Yes, that's wonderful, Alan!'"

Marc suggests that producer John Nathan-Turner took "very much a back seat" on *Ghost Light*. He was a bit of an *eminence grise*! He let Andrew collect the ideas and then we would sort-of take it to him as a package – and John would make comments. He was always immensely kind to me – terribly nice, terribly friendly. We'd go out for a drink and he'd tell me all about his career." Was he as larger-than-life as his reputation? "Oh yes, very flamboyant. It was my ambition to attend a convention wearing a more flamboyant Hawaiian shirt than John!"

The Independent newspaper labelled *Ghost Light* "the best *Doctor Who* story in a decade". Was it really one of those rare occasions when all production aspects fell perfectly into place? "Despite the writing, you mean? Well, I think maybe there was a little bit too much music. There are times when the story would have benefitted from silence, but most of the music was really lovely and imaginative – especially the scene with Redvers in the Trophy Room with the gun." Marc was also impressed with the cast. "I think they were all pretty amazing," he remarks. "People say that I had the best cast ever! The BBC pulled out all the stops, didn't they? I've always wondered whether they knew that *Ghost Light* would be the last story to be made. I think the BBC knew more than they were letting on."

Did Marc write any characters with particular artistes in mind? "Not really, no. Alan did ask me whether I had anybody in mind, but he came up with most of the actors himself. It really wouldn't be fair to say whom we were originally considering. We did, after all, end up with the most amazing cast any writer could wish for.

"Frank Windsor [Inspector Mackenzie] managed to squeeze much more comedy out of his part than I had ever intended. I think he got a bit fed up with eating sandwiches! The poor man had to eat so many." Inspector Mackenzie suffered a most gruesome demise. "I must have been in a peculiar mood," muses Marc, "when I wrote that one into the script. I turned

Mackenzie into Primordial soup! Isn't that horrible?" The cream of Scotland Yard, eh? "Ah, yes! That was my line. Andrew put in some gems here and there, but that one was definitely mine. My imagination was running riot! *Doctor Who* has always had a slightly quirky sense of humour."

Of the rest of the cast: "Ian Hogg was just wonderful. He was terribly interested in all the background to his character – and I think he made a superb villain. Sharon Duce [Control] also made an amazing job of playing an incredibly difficult part. Each scene required a different emotion. On one occasion, Alan actually rang me up and said, 'Er, Marc ... Sharon needs to know her character's motivation!' I told her to play Control like a child or a puppy – eternally inquisitive. I didn't really know. Katharine Schlesinger [Gwendoline] was another lovely actress. She wanted to play the part as soon as she started reading the script. That costume of hers, which was worth a large amount of money, got horribly ripped when she was struggling with Ace in the bedroom. Two young women skirmishing on a bed ... That was the point when, all of a sudden, everybody in the studio got their cameras out! Funny that ... I can't think why!" Was Marc there that day? "Ooh, yes! Try keeping me away ...

Control ... freak? Ace (Sophie Aldred) meets Control (Sharon Duce)

"Everybody in *Ghost Light* was really fab," he concludes, "especially Sophie. She was so amazing; she still is amazing ... I don't think Ace ever outshone the Doctor. Sylvester wasn't quite so dominant, perhaps, but I still think they worked really well together. A great partnership! They were both such fun to write for. I was delighted by the scene in *Ghost Light* where Ace tells the Doctor about Manisha and the fire – and she gives him a bloody good talking-to! The Doctor looks extremely uncomfortable. He doesn't actually apologise, but there is a degree of remorse there, I think."

Marc later embarked on a prose version of *Ghost Light* for Target Books: "I took no persuading whatsoever! I'd never written anything on the scale of a book before. It was a wonderful way to expand the characters and the story. I was able to go into the Doctor's mind. Everybody said, 'You can't possibly do that' – so I went ahead and did it! That then led me to novelising [Ben Aaronovitch's] *Battlefield*. I don't think Ben had the time to do it, so he very graciously asked me instead. *Battlefield* was a rather better story than it turned out on television, I think." Was it easier to novelise another writer's script? "I enjoyed putting myself in Ben's shoes. He'd written a couple of chapters before giving up, so I adapted what he'd already written. I think Ben is a much better novelist than me. He's far more mature and imaginative."

As already stated, *Ghost Light* was the last *Doctor Who* story to be recorded by the BBC. "I think it gradually dawned on us," Marc reflects, "but not until after *Ghost Light* had been broadcast. I was already working on a story for the next season. I hadn't got as far as a scene breakdown or anything, but I know that it would have featured the Ice Warriors ..." Marc's four-part story was intended to be broadcast second in Season 27 – and it would have been Ace's final story. "Andrew didn't tell me that at the time," claims Marc, "and I don't know why that was. Maybe he wanted me to get the story down first? Hmm. That does seem a bit odd, doesn't it? I would have preferred to know. I would have made Ace's departure an integral aspect of the story, rather than a horrible scene tagged on at the end." How would Ace have been written out, then? "We had intended for the Doctor to enrol her at Prydon Academy on Gallifrey. It would have been a kick up the backside from the Doctor to the Time Lords. It was a strange idea, which I nodded towards at the end of my *Lungbarrow* novel.

"The story would have been set partly on Mars as a terraformed pasture planet. This would have woken up the Ice Warriors – and I wanted to bring them back in style! It was my idea to use them, I think. I wanted to explore their mystical side, deepening their history in the process. That was how [creator] Brian Hayles wrote them. I had the idea of a colony of Ice Warriors trapped on Earth. Andrew wanted it set largely in 1960s London. He had realised how good the BBC was at doing period drama – *Remembrance of the Daleks* and *Ghost Light*, for example. He thought that the story should be set in the early 1960s, but I wanted it set slightly later. I wanted hippies! I wanted bikers with black-visor helmets that looked very similar to Ice Warrior helmets. The bikers would have been controlled by the Ice Warriors in some way or another ... although I'm not quite sure how! John also wanted to use the London Dungeon as a location. He had just set up a *Doctor Who* exhibition there, so I was told to work that into the story. I was going to reveal that one of the exhibits is actually some Ice Warrior armour or something. We would eventually use the London Dungeon as a location on *Downtime* ..."

Curtain up: Gwendoline (Katherine Schlesinger). *Ghost Light*

'Two young women skirmishing on a bed? Everybody got their cameras out!'

The Great Intelligence and its Yeti robots were had last been seen on *Doctor Who* back in the 1960s stories *The Abominable Snowmen* and *The Web of Fear*; the trilogy was concluded in 1995 in an independently-produced video-only spin-off drama, *Downtime*, scripted by Marc. "[Reeltime Pictures'] Keith Barnfather had obtained the rights to the Yeti," reports Marc, "so he asked me whether I'd like to write a Yeti-based script, which was terribly nice of him. I then had to think of a reason for the Intelligence to return once again. There are moments in *The Abominable Snowmen* when characters talk of it being cast out in its own dimension, so I started digging about in Tibetan Buddhism – and discovered the concept of the 'bardo' [a term used to designate the period from physical death to physical rebirth]. I decided that the Intelligence was stuck in a dreamlike limbo, desperate to escape into a material world."

Does Marc feel positive energy about the Yeti? "I grew up loving the Yeti," he admits, "but what was I supposed to do with them as a writer? All they do is lumber about and hit people!" He shakes his head. "The costumes weren't very good either. I used to have an old handmade rug that was much the same colour and rather more frightening! We managed so much on such a tiny budget, but the Yetis were a bloody let-down. And why do monsters all walk with their arms outstretched? I should have said something when the wretched creatures started doing it in *Downtime*. It looks terrible! The husks walked like that in *Ghost Light*, didn't they?"

Barnfather had planned for *Downtime* to "star only Nick Courtney [Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart] and Debbie Watling [Victoria]. He wanted to flesh out the Brigadier's personal history, I think. Debbie was going to play somebody else, but then Keith managed to sort out the copyright with the BBC – and Debbie was game for it. Then she persuaded her father, Jack Watling, to reprise his *Doctor Who* role [as Professor Travers]! They worked together beautifully, but the story kept changing as we managed to get more and more people on board. It was a bit like writing *The Five Doctors* – and it probably ruined Keith financially! Lis Sladen even agreed to make a cameo appearance – but she was far too good to waste, so I beefed up her part! Lis didn't want to play Sarah as the young girl from the television series. No running around in stripey dungarees!

"Debbie was also very protective of Victoria. She had been left alone in the wrong place at the wrong time. A celestial orphan! Victoria's beliefs and values were not fitting for the period – that made her lovely to write for. The poor girl is very screwed-up. Debbie was sure that Victoria was

still a virgin – and I absolutely agreed! We had a long talk about what to do with the character."

Marc later novelised his *Downtime* script for Virgin Publishing's *Missing Adventures* range. Alongside a short story in 1994's *Decalog* anthology, he has also authored two *New Adventures* – and, more recently, a Fifth Doctor audio drama for Big Finish Productions. "*Loups-Garoux* [released in May] is another loss-of-innocence story," he asserts. "It has fairytale undercurrents – shades of Little Red Riding Hood. Don't stray too far from the metaphorical path! There are things lurking out there that you don't quite notice – wolves of one sort or another –

Sylvester McCoy and Sophie Aldred on the Upper Observatory set

'Why do monsters all walk with their arms outstretched? It looks terrible!'

and they'll get you if they can! They're closer then you think! The Fifth Doctor's innocence lands him in very hot water indeed."

How, then, did Marc come to write for Big Finish? "There was a meeting a couple of years ago that a lot of potential writers were invited to attend. Big Finish had just obtained the licence and we were all asked to submit ideas to [co-producer] Gary Russell. I must have been a bit later than most; I think some people had them on his desk by the next morning! *Loups-Garoux* [then *The Werelings*] was the script that I threw at him – and everyone seemed very happy with it. It is yet another story that I submitted to the [*Doctor Who*] production office during the 1980s, but the Big Finish version has been considerably expanded upon!"

So did the Fifth Doctor prove harder to write for than the Seventh? "The Seventh is far quirkier," Marc stipulates, "whereas the Fifth is much more ... er, 'normal'. It was difficult to show the extraordinary knowledge and power behind his innocent façade. I had poor Peter Davison grappling with some horrific mouthfuls of dialogue! I also think Turlough is a terrific character. He wasn't really developed enough on television after his initial trilogy of stories. The character was wasted. I tried to give Mark Strickson more to do in *Loups-Garoux*." Having written for almost a dozen companions in various different mediums, does Marc have a personal favourite? "Crikey! I'm still terribly fond of Ace, but I don't know whether I have anything more to say about her. And I love Sarah Jane – I think she's timeless! I'm also very fond of Barbara. Jacqueline Hill was such a good actress. Her performance in *The Aztecs* was sensational."

Loups-Garoux features Big Finish's most impressive guest cast to date. "It's amazing what famous people will do in the name of *Doctor Who*," chuckles the writer. "I've had Sylvia Syms sitting under a dustsheet, Frank Windsor stuffing himself with sandwiches and, for *Loups-Garoux*, I've had Eleanor Bron and Nicky Henson howling and screeching – and having a wonderful time! We had originally intended the actors' howls to be morphed electronically into real wolf effects, but Nicky said, "No, I want to do my own howls' – and off he went! It was astonishing. We contemplated locking him in the studio until full moon! Then Eleanor joined him with her screech owl. I do hope Burt Kwouk didn't feel too left out!"

Marc wrote the villainous werewolf Pieter Stubbe with actor Nicky Henson in mind. "I was thrilled to bits when he agreed to do it. I did quite a lot of research into wolves. I found a wonderful website that had dozens of German werewolf legends – and so Pieter Stubbe is actually a historically documented character. The other thing that surprised me was that nowhere in any of the legends was there a reference to the full moon. I've come to the conclusion that this is purely a Hollywood invention, so I haven't used it too much in *Loups-Garoux*.

"Werewolves have a truly beautiful culture," Marc persists, "and the Doctor comes to respect this.

Downtime: Sarah Jane attempts to bag herself a new coat

One of the characters finds herself attracted to the Doctor ... but she's a female werewolf! There is a wonderful moment in the first episode when the werewolves catch the scent of the Doctor. They can't quite work it out – and they completely forget where they are. His alien scent smells like the moments between the lightning and the thunder. I can be quite poetic when I want to be!"

Loups-Garoux is set in 21st century Rio de Janeiro, at a time "when the Amazon rainforest has completely collapsed from global warming. I'm quite concerned about the Amazon rainforest." Is Marc trying to educate his listeners, then? "Nah!" He jokes: "I'm just trying to frighten them! I read an article the other day in which experts predict that most of the forest will have disappeared by 2020. 'Oh, good,' I thought, 'I've already written that in!' In 'Who-land', the state of Amazonia is like a South American version of the EU – only even more officious. A long way into the future, Amazonia will perhaps be so powerful that it sends ambassadors to represent Earth in negotiations with minor planets ... such as Peladon. The werewolves are from the old world – and they are lost in this ghastly, faceless world that we are currently destroying. The werewolves are trying to cope."

I wonder how much Marc has changed as a writer since penning *Ghost Light* back in the late 1980s. "I worry a lot more about structure now," he replies. "*Ghost Light* was written in a flurry of imagination. I think it ended up fairly raw. I now always push for imaginative leaps – and yes, I do try to consider every line. It probably stems from spending ages analysing Shakespeare for A-level English Literature – endless pages of noting animal imagery in *Othello*. In *Ghost Light*, for example, Nimrod talks about herds of mammoths – and the imagery colours the dialogue and character. It sparks off a resonance in the audience's minds, which makes up for the lack of a megabucks budget. It's not deliberately calculated; it's just what feels right at any one point. I spend an awful lot of time putting these things in. I try to include as much as possible, giving audiences something to spot the second time around." *Doctor Who* for the video generation? "Yes, though that can also be quite a drawback. Writers should never say anything only once – it just won't sink in!"

Marc considers this, deciding that he wants to write "something completely strange." Even stranger than *Lungbarrow*? "Ooh, yes, although that might be impossible. Television viewers can't relate to such strangeness. The BBC's recent adaptation of Mervyn Peake's *Gormenghast* was a prime example. It didn't quite gel, did it? Bits of it worked, but the books are too weird for television ... That's why I so enjoyed writing *Loups-Garoux*. Audio sets your imagination free. Themes and images instead develop in the minds of the audience ...

"In *Ghost Light*, the viewer can't move without being bombarded by images of change and evolution – both verbally and visually. *Lungbarrow* is also full of images of things lost – innocence, freedom, the past. Maybe things that should stay forgotten? In fact, forests also seem to be a recurring theme: Gabriel Chase is a sort of forest – mad Redvers imagines that he's lost in one and then the house starts to turn into one anyway; *Lungbarrow*, with its white-wood trees, is a living indoor forest; and in *Loups-Garoux*, the forest itself has been stolen, leaving many of its former inhabitants extremely disgruntled."

Marc is on a roll: "And throughout everything that I've ever written, there are references to Lewis Carroll: in *Lungbarrow*, Chris Cwej goes through the looking-glass; Carroll turns up at the very beginning of *Downtime*, to take Victoria's photograph; and in *Loups-Garoux*, the Doctor tells Turlough that he's no more aggressive than Alice's white rabbit. 'And about as reliable a timekeeper,' Turlough replies ..."

He pauses for breath. "Lewis Carroll has answers for everything."

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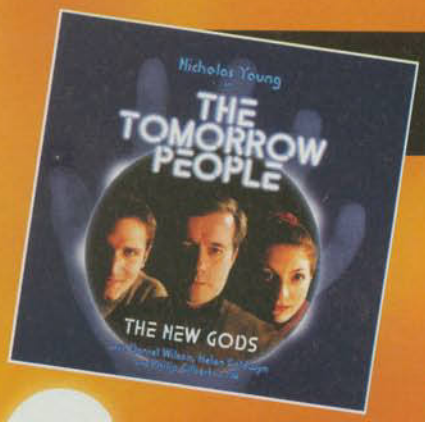

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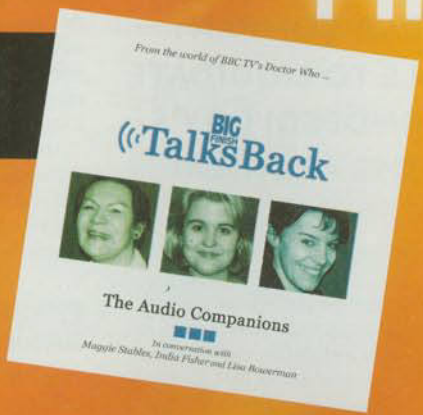
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The Sun Makers

PART ONE 1

The TARDIS materialises on the roof of a thousand metre-high building on Pluto, at some point in the future. The Doctor is intrigued to see that the planet is inhabited; venturing outside, he and Leela prevent a man from throwing himself off the roof. This is Citizen Cordo, a D-Grade 'workunit' of Megropolis One, who explains that he is unable to earn enough money to pay the crippling death taxes due following his father's demise. All the taxes are paid to the Company, which runs everything. It is an offence to enjoy standing in the light of one of Pluto's six artificial suns – and the travellers' presence is investigated by the pompous Gatherer Hade, who is monitoring the TARDIS, thinking that it may be carrying contraband goods.

Descending into the 'undercity', Cordo hopes to join the Others – a gang of criminal tax-evaders. However, the Others find the Doctor, Leela and Cordo first – and take them to their darkened base, where they meet the Others' vicious leader, Mandrel. The threatening Mandrel tells the Doctor that he can be of use to them: Leela will be held hostage while the Doctor cashes a 'consumcard' worth 1,000 talmars; if the Doctor fails to return, Leela will die.

When K9 emerges from the TARDIS, the Gatherer has his assistant Marn activate a tracker system, watching the metal dog as it goes after the Doctor. Hade sees the Doctor and Cordo emerge from the undercity and meet K9, telling him to stay. Believing the Doctor to be an Ajack miner smuggling weapons, Hade goes to see the Collector at the Company Palace.

Cordo takes the Doctor to the consumbank on Subway Thirty-Seven – but when the Doctor inserts the card in the cubicle, a door slams down behind him, and gas is pumped in ...

On the planet Pluto, the Doctor and Leela fall into bad company – but join the struggle to liquidate a very bad Company indeed! July's video release taxes the archival expertise of Andrew Pixley.

PART TWO 2

The Doctor recovers from the balarium gas to find himself straitjacketed inside the Induction Therapy Section of the Correction Centre. His fellow captive is Bisham, a former executive grade at the Chemical Plant where pentocyleinic-methyl-hydrane (PCM) was manufactured; PCM, an anxiety-inducing agent, is pumped into the planet's air to keep the workunits downtrodden.

Back in the undercity, the Doctor's time is up – and Mandrel is about to execute his threat towards Leela when Cordo arrives, explaining about the Doctor's capture. Leela determines to rescue the Doctor from the Correction Centre, but only Cordo will accompany her; the pair meet K9 *en route*.

Hade visits the Collector, a bald, wheelchair-bound figure analysing business results in a computer centre; the Collector gives Hade half a division of his Inner Retinue guards to help crush the conspiracy. Returning to his office, Hade learns of the Doctor's capture from Marn; he has the Doctor released and brought to his office, where he apologises for the bank error, pays the Doctor the 1,000 talmars and sends him on his way – but the tracker system is keyed to follow him. When the Doctor returns to the undercity, Mandrel accuses him of being a spy.

Leela, Cordo and K9 penetrate the Therapy Section, but find the Doctor gone. Rescuing Bisham, the group are in Subway P45 when they are cornered by Megro Guards aboard an armed cruiser ...

PART THREE 3

The group manage to get control of the cruiser and its weapons, but Leela is captured after they crash a blockade. Bisham and Cordo escape with guns and return to the undercity, where they prevent Mandrel from torturing the Doctor with a branding iron. The Doctor incites rebellion against the Company by suggesting that the Others try to stop the dispersal of PCM into the atmosphere; Mandrel, formerly a B-Grade in Main Control, knows how this could be achieved. Aware that Hade is monitoring him, the Doctor blinds the tracker system as the sabotage party sets out.

Leela is brought before the Collector, who learns that she has travelled to Pluto with a Time Lord. The Collector decides that she

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'Are you mad?'

The Doctor confronts the Collector in his office – and resists the suggestion that he should change sides and work for the Company ...

THE DOCTOR Cut the sales talk. Where's the Head Office?
THE COLLECTOR Usurious.
THE DOCTOR Ah! I might have guessed from your squiddy little eyes.
THE COLLECTOR You are acquainted with our species?
THE DOCTOR Oh yes ... oh yes. The Usurians are listed in Professor Thripsted's *Flora and Fauna of the Universe* under poisonous fungi.
THE COLLECTOR I don't entirely like your attitude. If you want to get on in the Company ... *[The Doctor takes a financial printout from the Collector's desk and tears it up]* Are you mad?
THE DOCTOR Quite mad. Mad as a hatter.

From **The Sun Makers** Part Four by Robert Holmes

The rebels take Main Control: Bisham, Mandrel, the Doctor, Leela and Cordo

will be publicly executed by 'steaming' in the Exchange Hall; he suspects that the Doctor will attempt a daring rescue ...

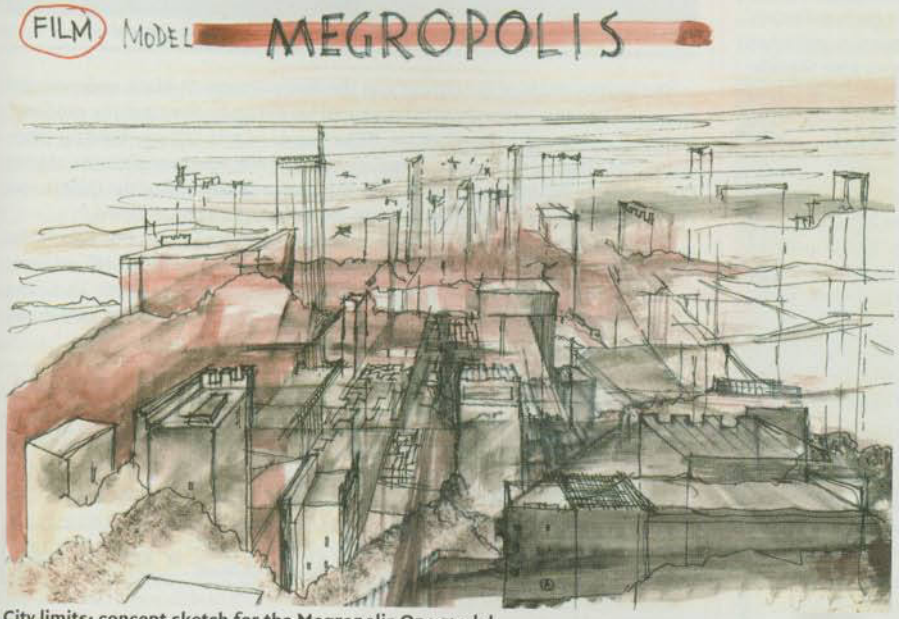
The Doctor's party takes over Main Control with ease; Synge, the duty technician, agrees to help them. As the PCM stops flowing, a monitor shows Leela being placed in a condensation chamber situated just below Main Control. The Doctor has Mandrel cut the water supply for as long as possible, so he can crawl though the vents and rescue his friend; he will have two minutes. As the Collector and a crowd assemble in the Exchange Hall, the steaming begins ...

PART FOUR 4

The Doctor manages to get Leela free and back through the vents just as Mandrel releases the steam to prevent an explosion – but Mandrel's voice is heard by the Collector over the Doctor's neck phone. While Mandrel's men stir up the populace, the Doctor and Leela go to the Collector's Palace, hoping to gain control of the public video system and announce a successful revolution. Inside the computer room, the Doctor puts a guard to sleep by hypnosis – but Leela is stunned when she tries to enter the Company safe. The Doctor issues a fake bulletin ordering the arrest of Company officials; Marn joins the revolution, while Hade is thrown from the rooftops to his death.

The Doctor confronts the Collector in his office and learns that the Company's head office is on Usurious. The Usurians are poisonous fungal lifeforms who operate as a business; having saved humanity from a run-down Earth, they moved humankind to Mars, then Pluto. All the time, the populace are taxed to make a profit – but now costs are too high, and this branch will have to close. Before the Collector can release deadly Dianane into the city, Mandrel's party enter. The Doctor's tampering with the computers informs the Collector of an unstoppable inflationary spiral – and the Collector goes into liquidation, becoming a green blob trickling into the base of his wheeled chair. Telling Bisham and Mandrel that humanity can return to the regenerated Earth in sky freighters, the Doctor enters the TARDIS with Leela and K9 and departs.

In Production



City limits: concept sketch for the Megropolis One model

After three-and-a-half years as script editor of *Doctor Who*, Robert Holmes decided to leave the series at the start of 1977. Producer Philip Hinchcliffe, with whom Holmes had enjoyed a good working relationship, was being moved on to inherit a new BBC police film series called *Target*; Hinchcliffe's successor, Graham Williams, had already been appointed. Holmes wanted the incoming producer to have a clean slate, but Williams persuaded Holmes to remain on the series for another six months to help bridge the transition period. Knowing that he would be leaving, and therefore no longer having to produce scripts at short notice to plug the non-delivery of others, Holmes started to develop an idea for a new four-part serial just after *The Talons of Weng-Chiang* completed production.

The storyline Holmes discussed with Williams concerned a world where the population is being exploited by a colonial power; this would play on facets of Britain's Imperial past, something Holmes had drawn upon in other, earlier scripts. The means by which the colonial rulers would wield power presented itself to Holmes when he read a factual scientific work entitled *The Iron Sun*, which discussed the idea of man-made stars and the practicalities of the physics involved. The Doctor would find himself caught up in an anti-colonial rebellion by a group of freedom fighters seeking independence.

Given the go-ahead to develop his idea, Holmes set to work. By the time Holmes' serial had entered production, his successor, Anthony Read, was starting to trail him as script editor. Read, who had known both Williams from *The Troubleshooters* and Holmes from various previous projects, had originally approached the *Doctor Who* office with a prospective storyline; it had been Holmes who suggested that Read should take over from him in Spring 1977.

Holmes' ideas had taken shape by early April, and the

Bristol, 1977: WD & HO Wills security man Tony Butler with the TARDIS prop

Duty technician Synge, the Doctor and K9 plot to revive the drugged-up populace of Pluto

formal commission for the writer came retrospectively on Monday 30 May; the target delivery date was set as Friday 27 May. However, since his initial discussions with Williams, Holmes had become engaged in a battle with the Inland Revenue over the taxation of his earnings as a freelance writer. Disliking both officialdom 'prying' into his affairs and the 'ludicrous' rules he had encountered, Holmes elected to have his the rulers of his repressive colonial state operate like tax officials; having never seen himself as a serious writer, he saw how the Revenue's 'absurd' regulations could be used to humorous effect. Slowly, his new serial, *The Sun Makers* (often erroneously referred to as 'The Sunmakers' in publicity material), evolved from being an anti-colonial tract to a full satire of the tax and financial worlds.

Holmes delivered his four scripts over the next few weeks, and well ahead of target: Part One was delivered on Thursday 5 May, Part Two the following day, Part Three on Friday 13 and the concluding script on Wednesday 18; these were all accepted by Friday 20. By now, Holmes' desire to lampoon the British tax system had become the story's driving force: the characters included a Gatherer who worked for a Collector; the state's main enforcers, the Inner Retinue, took their collective title from the Inland Revenue; and when the Collector finally succumbs to an 'inflationary spiral', he goes into 'liquidation', like any other unsuccessful business. These elements caused Williams some concern, who had still been expecting the anti-colonial piece Holmes had outlined; the producer was particularly worried about possible allegations of left-wing indoctrination in a children's show.

In the script for Part One, as Citizen Cordo – who "wears the drab clothes of a D-Grade citizen" – prepares to jump off the parapet, he "takes his shabby coat off"; he is afflicted by a nervous tic, rubbing himself anxiously. By comparison, Hade occupies "a fine room, almost sumptuous in the sombre way befitting Gatherer's status"; when Cordo approaches him, Hade "opens a bill the size of a tabloid newspaper".

The Megropolis was described as a "glittering, futuristic place of sweeping lines"; production paperwork gave the setting as a "city on the planet Pluto in the year 7 million AD". Holmes noted that the 'consumbank' seen at the end of Part One would be situated in the same corridor where Cordo had been seen earlier, "but now with a consumbank cubicle at one end". When the Doctor enters the cubicle, the machine hums and "a photo-electric eye clicks open", emitting "choking yellow vapour".

Hade's method of transport was a 'beamer', the term being derived from business world slang for a BMW, a car associated with success; its approach would be heralded by a "hooting, like a US coastguard boat". At the end of Part One, the Doctor attempts to withdraw money using a 'consumcard', after 'consumer card'. The Gatherer of Megropolis Three, who looks after the Ajacks, was named as 'Gatherer Pyle' in Part Two. Hade calls his plan to catch the rebels 'Morton's Fork' in honour of one of his predecessors.

The Company management used business phrases when running the Megropolis, such as "issue invoice for erasure before close of business today" and, "The account will be settled swiftly." Offered a raspberry leaf by Hade, the Doctor gives its Latin name as *rubus idaeus* – and the ignorant Hade attempts to correct him. When the Doctor rallies Mandrel's Others in Part Three, he deliberately misquotes Karl Marx's 19th century work *Das Kapital* by suggesting that the only thing they have to lose is "your claims" (as opposed to 'chains'). In Part One, the Doctor refers to 17th century Italian astronomer Galileo Galilei when discussing Pluto's many suns.

Rehearsing a Computer Complex scene: Leela meets the Collector

The headquarters of the Others was the Pump Room: "A black underground chamber. The only light comes from a small brazier and a few smoking candles." Mandrel's gang were described as: "The raggle taggle Others, holding bludgeons and makeshift weapons ... mainly men, but two or three slatterns among them." Originally Mandrel cracks his whip rather more. One of the Others was "Veet, the forger, [who is] working with an air-stylo on a consumcard."

One of Holmes' favourite touches was the suggested means of escape for Leela's party in Part Two – the "P45 return route" ('P45' being an official form listing annual earnings following the termination of employment). This long subway was the venue for the Part Two cliffhanger, in which Leela's party would encounter a Megro guard cruiser carrying men using carbines and machine guns firing electron blasts. In a mark of continuity to her debut, *The Face of Evil*, the script for Part Three has Leela refer to her tribe, the Sevateem, when talking to the Collector; this was identified as a 'Tellurian' colony. The Company computer, zero zero five, knows of the Time Lords and identifies them as the "oligarchic rulers of the planet Gallifrey".

The script for Part Three originally indicated that there has not been a public steaming in years. In preparation for her execution, Leela is "strapped into a plastic container"; once inside the condensation chamber, the "echoing rumble is appallingly loud and close – like water hammer magnified a hundred times". The device which stuns Leela in Part Four was referred to as an Autoguard Shield;

'I'm not a serious writer. I like to get some fun out of what I'm writing ...'

Robert Holmes • DWM 100

SCRIPTING K9

The robot dog K9, introduced at short notice in Bob Baker and Dave Martin's *The Invisible Enemy* not long previously, was still finding its place in Robert Holmes' *Sun Makers* scripts. There were numerous references to K9's "antennae wagging" (such as when he wants to leave the TARDIS). Later, Hade watches on a monitor as the metal dog "butts through the door". At one point during the subway scenes, K9's "dynamo emits a doleful whine" – and when carrying out a task for the Doctor in Part Three, the robot originally observed: "It was a bagatelle, Master." Notably, in Part Four, Holmes indicated that: "K9's blaster juts from his chest and his antennae wags."

In the opening TARDIS scene, where the Doctor is losing to K9 at chess, Holmes originally indicated that the Time Lord "pulls his scarf irritably around him and succeeds in toppling several pieces. He replaces them".

a plan to 'kill off' Leela at the end of the serial had been briefly considered. Holmes specified that the Megropolis video screens should show the Company image, a "rotating sun symbol". When Hade prepares to meet his doom, the angry crowd's dialogue included the lines: "Shut up, rubber-guts!"; "String the old swine up!"; "Chuck him over the edge!"; and, "Let's see if old rubber-guts bounces ..." In the closing scenes, Leela's knife was meant to pin the sleeve of the Doctor's guard to a cabinet, as opposed to hitting him in the back.

The director contracted on Thursday 20 January to work on the serial was freelancer Pennant Roberts, who had helmed *The Face of Evil* the previous autumn; since then, Roberts had been working on the BBC Scotland series *The MacKinnons*. Roberts felt that he was very much in accord with the new producer, and was particularly delighted with the dry humour in Holmes' scripts. In association with Holmes, Roberts suggested some changes, adding jokes such as the Doctor offering Gatherer Hade a humbug (the word also meaning a fraud or a sham) and – following the 'P45 return route' gag – changing Part One's "Subway 46" to "Subway CT1". Holmes tended to write for men, and Roberts thought that there would be a better contrast between the characters if Hade's assistant Marn were female; likewise, the role of Rashif, another of the male gang members who attack Leela in Part One, was amalgamated into that of Veet.

Williams was concerned by the 'jokey' air that Roberts brought to Holmes' already slightly comedic scripts. Holmes had originally stated that the alien Collector's race was known as the 'Userers', derived from the Latin term for one who lends money at exorbitant interest rates. Williams disliked this – and, although Holmes and Roberts both fought to retain it, the name was changed to

Actor Henry Woolf tries out the Collector's 'mobothrone'

Usurians, to make the origin less obvious. (For a while, they were 'Saurians', and referred to as such in the Synopsis for the Deaf issued for the serial late in 1977.)

Make-up and costumes for *The Sun Makers* were designed by Janis Gould and Christine Rawlins respectively; although Gould was new to the series, Rawlins had worked on Season Seven. Visual effects were by Peter Day and Peter Logan; this was Day's tenth and final *Doctor Who* serial since his first credit on the show with *The Evil of the Daleks*, but it would be Logan's first formal credit, having been an effects assistant since *Inferno*. Set designer was Tony Snoaden, who had worked on *The Sea Devils* six years previously. Taking the idea of the Company suns, Snoaden looked at Aztec-inspired work by a trio of Mexican propagandist artists, David Alfaro Siqueiros, Diego Rivera and Jose Clemente Orozco. Unfortunately, the budget allocations on the show did not allow Snoaden the full range of Aztec styles, and Roberts had changed his mind about the look of Pluto's Megropolis One during pre-production. Instead, Snoaden drew inspiration from the spartan, economic work of a Dutch designer of the 1920s.

The main location required was the Megropolis One rooftop where the TARDIS materialises in Part One; Roberts had opted to shoot these scenes on film, even though Holmes' script had suggested that they should be recorded in the electronic studio. For two weeks, the production team considered various high roofs in London – atop the newly-constructed Barbican Centre, for example – but found it impossible to find a venue where the city skyline would not be seen. Roberts then realised that what was needed was not a high roof, but simply a large one; the scale itself would form the horizon for the viewer. The impression of height could then be given by the use of models.

The problem was solved by production assistant Leon Arnold, who discovered an ideal site in *The Architectural Review*: the WD & HO Wills Tobacco Factory, Hartcliffe Way, Bristol. Roberts looked into the site some more, and discovered that the premises also had a 300-yard corridor linking the main factory and the office block suitable for various scenes bridging Parts Two and Three. Because the venue was so ideal, the director – a Welshman familiar with the area – was able to make a strong case to take his cast and crew out to the West Country for several days, rather than shoot in or around the Home Counties.

SCRIPTING The Collector

In Part Two, writer Robert Holmes outlined the Collector and his Computer Complex in some detail: "Nerve-centre of the palace. The Collector is crouched over a desk that is itself built into the computer line. Paper spews occasionally from the machine on his left. After scanning it, he frequently carries out computations of his own on the calculator within the desk top. The resulting cards he feeds into the machine on his right. Apparently myopic, he works two inches from the desk surface and rarely raises his eyes from the flow of paper even when – as now – he is conversing. The visitor thus talks mainly to an enormous, hairless, bullet-shaped dome. There is presumably some blood in the Collector somewhere but it doesn't show. He is grey as far as the eye can see. His voice, contrasting oddly with his saggy bulk, is thin and febrile." In Part Three, the Collector was shown to get around by "sitting on an electric mobothrone"; in a draft of Part Four, Leela was to tell the Doctor that the alien "sits on his mobothrone". In the final instalment – after the Collector "speeds into the room in his mobothrone", the Doctor identifies him as a Usurian from Usurious, describing the fungi life-form's appearance as "like sea-kale with eyes". When computer zero zero five's data causes the Collector to liquidate, the seat of the chair is now revealed to be "rather like a circular, stainless steel sink. In its base is a plug hole down which a final few pints of green liquid are gurgling."

Auditions for *The Sun Makers* were held in mid-May, with Roberts seeing actors including Bill Wallis, Carl Forgione, Peter Benson, Penelope Horner and Geraldine Moffatt. The main guest star was Richard Leech as Gatherer Hade: Leech, whose films included *A Night to Remember*, had undertaken little television work since his stint in the BBC soap *The Doctors*; he had never seen *Doctor Who*, but knew that Roberts was a nephew of Emlyn Williams and accepted the role, playing Hade like Poobah from the Gilbert and Sullivan opera *The Mikado*. For Goudry, Roberts cast Michael Keating, a member of his informal 'repertory company' since a 1972 episode of *Doomwatch*; shortly after *The Sun Makers*, Roberts successfully recommended Keating to David Maloney for the role of Vila in *Blake's 7*. William Simons, playing Mandrel, was later a regular in the Victorian detective series *Cribb* and the nostalgic police show *Heartbeat*.

Doctor Who's stars, Tom Baker and Louise Jameson, had finished recording *Horror of Fang Rock* at the BBC's Pebble Mill Studios in Birmingham early in June; they were now rejoined by John Leeson, who had voiced K9 in *The Invisible Enemy* in April. Roberts found that Baker had become even more demanding and proprietorial about both the show and the Doctor's character. Jameson had been suffering problems with the contact lenses she wore as Leela, but was delighted both with the scripts – which she thought had genuine political motivation – and to be working with Roberts again.

The rebels put an end to the Company's contamination of the air

The three-day shoot in Bristol began on Monday 13 June, with the crew travelling in the morning to film in the afternoon. Rooftop scenes were scheduled for the first day, with a strict warning being issued to everyone involved that the roof was a suspended structure with no supports, and they should not run, jump or hop on it: "Should you fall through, the ground is approx. 3 floors below and we are only taking elastoplasts!!!" Roberts hoped that the British summer would give him the sunshine he required; instead, the crew were rewarded with three days of fine drizzle. Instead of shooting four scenes on the roof for Part One, interiors showing the Doctor, Leela, Cordo and K9 in the lift were filmed, along with some material showing the Doctor's party hiding in a roof vent. The evening was spent shooting scenes inside the factory itself which had been originally planned for the Wednesday: the Part Three scene showing the Doctor's group in the subway (filmed in the Power House Tunnel), plus a Part Two scene filmed in

REHEARSALS 'Globosity ...'

The Collector scenes were built upon in rehearsals, with *Roget's Thesaurus* being used to expand upon the many fawning titles with which Gatherer Hade was to address the Collector – for example, "Highmost", "Hugeness", "Amplification", "Voluminousness", "Globosity", "Sublimity", "Sagacity", "Omni-science", "Monstrosity", "Omnipresence" and "Grossness". Collector actor Henry Woolf also suggested that, since his character would be bald, the alien should be envious of the Doctor's hair; he would therefore run his fingers through Tom Baker's curls in Part Four's prospectus-reading sequence.

A strictly Plutonic relationship? Henry Woolf and Tom Baker rehearse

the 'dog bone' tunnel, in which the Doctor evades two Megro Guards. When one of the extras was taken ill, Ron Rogers, a member of Wills' training staff, donned a Guard's outfit and took his place (this scene would be cut from the final edit).

Despite the poor weather, Roberts' team shot the two Part Four sequences showing Hade's demise and the Doctor's departure the following afternoon. The Gatherer's costume had been fashioned after a humbug, emphasising the Doctor's joke in Part Two; a dressed dummy was used for the shot of the Gatherer being hurled off the roof. The crew were in turn filmed by a team from the BBC regional news programme *Points West*, which broadcast coverage of *The Sun Makers* in production in the BBC Wenvoe area at 5.55pm that day. Simple 'pyjama suit' costumes, each bearing the 'sun face' emblem of the Company, were worn by the walk-ons playing workunits. That evening, the crew moved to inside the HO Link Tunnel: a short Part Two scene in which Cordo dodges two Megro guards was abandoned, and the crew concentrated on the P45 Corridor barricade sequence running over Parts Two and Three. There were problems getting the Megro Guards' buggy into the long passageway, which had been dressed with Snoaden's sun feed props. Leela's dialogue was changed slightly so that she referred to a "barrier", not a "checkpoint". The Megro Guards' guns incorporated flash charges, meaning that each could only fire once in any given shot. Disregarding the script, Roberts did not ask Jameson to perform a stunt fall from the moving buggy.

All the Part One rooftop scenes put back from the Monday were filmed on Wednesday 15, the final day at Bristol. Where the Doctor offers Cordo, as scripted, a jelly baby, Baker in fact held out a liquorice allsort. The presence of the *Doctor Who* crew caused great excitement among Wills' workers; filming coincided with the company's annual Family Sports Day, and Baker spent time time signing autographs. Pictures from the shoot were printed in the 23 June edition of the company newspaper *Wills World*, in which Baker promised that employees' children who'd not managed to get an autograph on the day could have one if they wrote to him c/o the BBC.

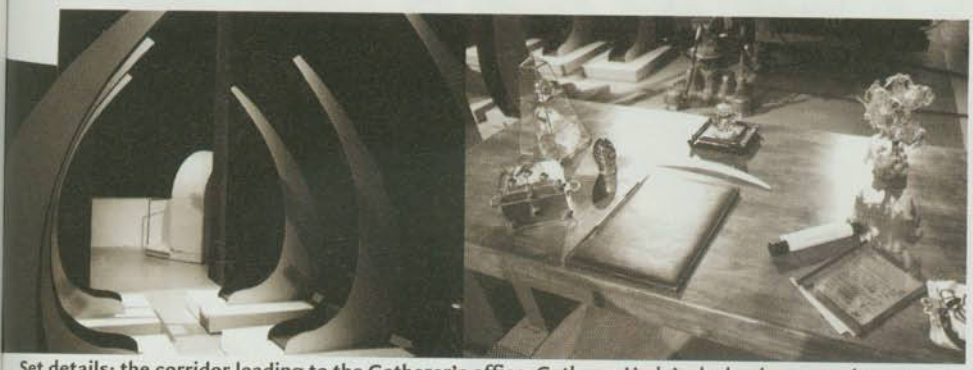
Shooting on Thursday 16 took place in the network of service tunnels forming the Camden Deep Tube Shelter, Camden Town, London. Early in 1976, Roberts had used this location for *The Lights of London* Part Two, an episode of the BBC's post-apocalyptic drama *Survivors*, and once again won the co-operation of the Property Services Agency to use the tunnels as the underground of Megropolis One in all four episodes of *The Sun Makers*. Shooting commenced with the scene where Cordo talks to the Others at a crossroads, moving to an area designated 'F1' for the Part One monitor screen shots showing K9. Work continued in the Sump, where the Part One scene in which the Doctor and Cordo meet up with K9 and the Part Two scene in which Leela and Cordo rejoin the dog were filmed.

Friday 17 began at the North End of the tunnels, where shots of the Doctor in the subways, as seen by Hade in Part Two, went before the cameras. With shooting by now running late, two corridor scenes due to be filmed at the 'T1 Lower Deck' were abandoned and rescheduled for studio; these were the Part Three scenes set beside the sun-feeds, where the Doctor sets up his video loop. Instead, filming for Part One took place on the Lower Deck's Main Staircase, which was where Cordo tells the Doctor and Leela about Pluto's suns, before their subsequent encounter with the Others was filmed in area T1's 'Min Tunnel'. The Part Four strike scene was also filmed on this day, the only day that Tom Kelly's Guard was required (Roberts had previously used Kelly as a guard in *The Face of Evil*). Baker then had a busy weekend, making personal appearances at Rotherham Miner's Gala on the Saturday and at the Blackpool *Doctor Who* Exhibition on the Sunday. The troubled shooting schedule was set to conclude with more Part Two tunnel scenes at Camden on Monday 20, but only one of the sequences planned was completed on the day (a scene showing Leela, Cordo and K9 in a subway, which was shot in the 'A1' area); three other scenes, largely covering K9's stunning of a gate guard, were abandoned – as was a plan to film a limited number of model shots establishing the Megropolis One cityscape at the Visual Effects Workshop in Acton on the Monday afternoon. In total, some 19 minutes of *The Sun Makers* had been captured on 16mm film over the six days.

Studio rehearsals began at Acton around Saturday 25; in the next week, Baker featured on the BBC's *Pebble Mill at One*, defending the level of violence in the show to presenter Donny MacLeod by claiming that the fairy tales of the Brothers Grimm contained far more horrific material than *Doctor Who*.

6 October 1977: Jameson and Baker promote Season 15 – and K9's arrival

Taping of *The Sun Makers* got underway in Studio 3 at the BBC Television Centre on Monday 4 July; the first evening's work ran between 8.00 and 10.00pm. Recording began with the two TARDIS scenes for the first and final instalments, after which Part One was recorded almost entirely in sequence, with the lengthy film inserts played back on cue. CSO inlay was used to add the image of Megropolis One to the TARDIS scanner. The camera script specified that the chess moves played by the Doctor and K9 in the TARDIS should be the endgame of the real-life Spassky-Fisher confrontation, which took place on Sunday 16 July 1972. For the sudden lurch of the TARDIS in Part Four, the camera was jerked and the hatstand rigged to fall over on cue. The Gatherer's Office set had a huge sun face symbol suspended above a raised area at the rear (a surviving remnant of Snoaden's early ideas about Aztec-inspired design); the set also included colour monitors on which film sequences involving K9 and the Doctor were shown. For the scene where the Doctor and Leela look out across Megropolis One, a colour caption slide was inserted into the film sequence to give their point of view. The largest and most complicated set was the Pump Room, where the Others live; this was a multi-level structure entered via manhole tubes and ladders built on scaffolding.



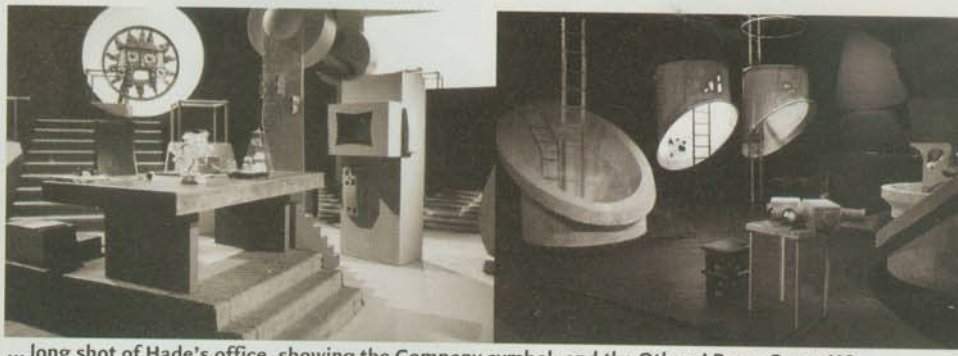
Set details: the corridor leading to the Gatherer's office; Gatherer Hade's desk, plus executive toys ...

movie *Doctor Who Meets Scratchman* after commenting about the problems the would-be producers had experienced in financing the film in the *Sunday Mirror* some time previously: all the money sent in was being returned (it transpired that the British Board of Film Finance had offered half the money for the proposed feature, but various City banks had subsequently indicated that they would only be interested in a three-film package).

That evening's recording session spanned 7.30 to 10.00pm, starting with the Computer Complex scenes in Parts Two and Three; this set made use of enlarged diagrams of printed circuit boards. Leeson provided the 'zero zero five' computer voice. The Therapy Section scenes in Part Two were taped next; these had been subject to a last-minute rewrite, so that the Doctor leaves

The material set in the corridors around the ConsumBank was recorded at the end of the evening, with a small amount of resequencing being used to redress the set. Williams felt that the humourous elements had gone too far when he saw that the 'consumcard' which Roberts wanted to use looked like a large BarclayCard; the producer was concerned that this could be interpreted as an act of product placement on BBC Television, and so differently-coloured tape was added to the prop in an attempt to disguise the similarities. Closing titles for Part One and opening titles for Part Two were taped next.

Tuesday 5 began with a morning recording session between 11.00 and noon, covering the corridor scenes in Part Two. It was discovered that the Megro Guard stunned by K9 would need to crouch down so that a convincing red stun beam effect



... long shot of Hade's office, showing the Company symbol; and the Others' Pump Room HQ

'I certainly didn't intend *The Sun Makers* to shout anything like, "Rise up and shake off your Inland Revenue chains!"'

Graham Williams • DWM 248

could be superimposed onto the picture. The bulk of the day's recording took place between 7.30 and 10.00pm, beginning with all the Pump Room scenes for Parts Two and Three, in which stuntman Max Faulkner (a *Doctor Who* veteran) played the Other who attacks Leela in Part Two and the Doctor at the start of the next episode. Baker ad-libbed the Doctor's line, "Once upon a time there were three sisters ..." (a paraphrase from *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*) in his conversation with Mandrel in Part Two. Cameras moved to the Gatherer's Office set for more Parts Two and Three scenes, and recording concluded with the corridor scenes for Parts Three and Four; here, Baker again ad-libbed dialogue (about the order that the Doctor's party should proceed in). For the Part Four scene in which Marn sees the revolution announced, an inlay using both the Megropolis caption card and a rotating sun symbol (akin to the BBC's 'globe' ident) was placed on a wall screen.

Rehearsals for the second studio began on Wednesday 6, when the cast was joined by Henry Woolf as the Collector. Woolf, one of the first actors cast, had enjoyed a career ranging from Harold Pinter plays to *Frost's Weekly* to *Rutland Weekend Television*. Also joining the cast was Derek Crewe, a semi-regular in the first season of Thames' *The Tomorrow People*, as Synge.

Recording recommenced on Sunday 17 July. The evening was spent taping the Part Three scenes in the Exchange Hall, followed by the Parts Three and Four scenes in the Condenser and then the remaining scenes Part Four Exchange Hall scenes. Wearing a flesh-coloured skullcap to give the impression of baldness, Woolf made his first appearance as the Collector; inspired to cross the images of a City businessman and a wealthy Middle Easterner, Rawlins had given the Collector a sort of pinstriped kaftan, complete with handkerchief. The Collector's 'mobothrone' was realised as a converted electronic wheelchair. The steaming sequence required numerous specially recorded inserts, such as the shot of Leela entering the condensation chamber along a railway track. The sound heard by the audience was originally to have been "sexaphonic", but this was changed to "duo-decaphonic" on recording. All of Mandrel's radio dialogue had been pre-recorded.

The next day, Monday 18, the *London Evening Standard* carried a story about how Baker had been sent around 8,000 contributions of money towards the proposed

his Jelly Babies behind with Bisham, giving evidence of his presence which Leela and Cordo find later on. A fuzzy grey video effect referred to as a 'Hairy Ready Brek' (after a warm glow seen surrounding figures in contemporaneous television commercials for the breakfast cereal Ready Brek) was added to a shot of the attendant who falls foul of the Doctor's tampering. The film bridging Parts Two and Three was transferred next; the reprise for Part Three had an extra opening shot, plus different material where the cruiser approaches Leela's party; red inlay was used where K9 fires his gun. Part Three's Therapy Section scenes followed; a plan to open one of these with a zoom in on the Megropolis caption was abandoned. Taping concluded with the closing titles for Part Three.

Tuesday 19 was the final studio day. Part Four's titles and film transfers were recorded first, followed by scenes set in the Computer Complex early in the final episode. Stuntman Stuart Fell played the guard attacked by Leela in the Complex, and an inlay of green lines played around Jameson in the scene where Leela runs into the Company vault. Baker changed the Doctor's scripted line "You'll live" to "Why don't you girls listen to me?"

All the Parts Three and Four scenes in Main Control were recorded next. These used a taped computer voice, plus several inlay effects; images of electronic

EDITING

Parts One and Two were edited on Monday 25 July 1977. Part One required only one minor timing cut: this came at the end of a scene where Hade, watching K9 and earting a raspberry leaf, remarks upon how the 'lawbreakers' are very clever to use machines as carriers. Two consecutive scenes were moved from Part Two: the first was a short film sequence in the subway, where the Doctor sees two Megro Guards [including WD & HO Wills employee Ron Rogers, pictured right]; the other was a corridor scene showing Leela's party on their way to the Correction Centre. In the latter, Leela turns a corner and ducks back, having seen three workunits standing silently in a line. Cordo explains that they are waiting to be erased: "It's their deathday ... When workunits become too sick or old to meet their output quotas their body material is redeployed. It is called business economy." "I call it murder," says Leela; Cordo says these people will not bother them.

Part Three was edited without cuts on Wednesday 27 July, but a few trims were needed to the final episode on Wednesday 24 August. Some material showing the workunits filing out of the Exchange Hall was shortened, and then a corridor scene was cut: here, Cordo and the rampaging workunits cause Marn to flee and collide with Hade; she warns him to get back as electron bolts ricochet past them, explaining that the workunits have killed her two guards. The conditioning has been sabotaged, she continues, and the rebels have taken over Central Control; Hade goes to notify the Collector. First edits were broadcast of all except the final episode, where a second edit was used.

static, 'mug-shots' of the Doctor and Leela and scenes recorded on the Exchange Hall set were all seen on the monitor screens. By now, K9 was firmly established as part of the line-up, with Leeson ad-libbing comments such as "Good luck, Master" in Part Three; the brief search for K9 at the start of Part Four had been a late addition. Recording the scene where Cordo enters and fires his gun in delight, actor Roy Macready found that the prop refused to 'fire' – and his many attempts to make the gun work were preserved on the BBC VT Engineers' 1978 Christmas tape *White Powder Xmas*.

The last scene recorded was the Doctor's confrontation with the Collector in the Computer Complex for Part Four, which necessitated a run-on to imply Leela hurling her knife at the guard played by Fell. Originally, the Doctor was supposed to call the Collector "You infinite nothing!" In the closing minutes of a recording which had already over-run, video effects designer AJ 'Mitch' Mitchell battled to pull off the shrinking and liquidation of the Collector successfully, using a combination of inlay and CSO effects: Woolf crouched on a set covered in CSO cloth, with the camera focused on him zooming out to make the Collector appear to shrink when the image was laid over a shot of his mobothrone; a green glow was placed over Woolf as the Collector fades away, becoming a green blob. Mitchell was unhappy with this rushed effect, which had been crammed into the end of the studio session; it was this experience, in fact, that persuaded him to leave the BBC and go freelance.

Baker, Jameson and a lamp-post; K9, presumably, busy below

Regular *Doctor Who* composer Dudley Simpson provided around 25 minutes' worth of incidental music for *The Sun Makers*; this was recorded by six musicians around August. The organ was played by Leslie Pearson, while percussionist Tristram Fry struck railway tracks for the scenes where Leela enters the 'steamer'. Dick Mills, the BBC Radiophonic Workshop sound effects expert usually responsible for *Doctor Who*, was away on holiday, so his colleague Paddy Kingsland created all the special sounds for the serial.

The Sun Makers was promoted on BBC1 by a 39-second trailer broadcast at 6.34pm on Saturday 19 November, directly after the final episode of *Image of the Fendahl*; in *Radio Times*, the programme listing for Part One was accompanied by a monochrome photograph of Baker taken during the Camden shoot. The serial was broadcast in the usual Saturday 6.05pm slot on BBC1, with ITV competition including the American telefantasy series *Man from Atlantis* in regions such as LWT, ATV and Southern; Yorkshire and Granada, meanwhile, opted for the popular talent show *New Faces*. On average, a million viewers more tuned in for this serial than for its precursor, *Image of the Fendahl*; the Audience Appreciation figure was also strong (although down on the previous serial's score, which had been exceptionally high). An Audience Research Report on Part Two was compiled on Tuesday 31 January 1978: the 199 viewers canvassed generally preferred a less fantastic story, but found that the programme was up to its usual high standards; there were comments about stereotyped characters, but praise for Louise Jameson and a strong following for K9 among children.

The serial was repeated on Thursday evenings in the summer of 1978 (BBC Cymru, however, displaced Part Four in favour of an edition of *Heddiw*, running *Doctor Who* the following evening instead). Screened against the sitcom *Leave It To Charlie* and the popular soap opera *Crossroads*, the repeat did reasonably well with a small audience.

Terrance Dicks novelised Holmes' scripts as *Doctor Who and the Sunmakers*, retaining some of the cut scenes; published in both hardback and paperback in November 1982 by WH Allen/Target, it bore a cover painting by Andrew Skilleter. Dicks' novelisation was later combined with *The Face of Evil* to be released in May 1989 as one of the Star Books' 'Doctor Who Classics' series. A picture of Doctor Who and K9 taken during the Bristol shoot was issued as a postcard in 1977.

The Sun Makers was sold abroad, being purchased for screening in: Australia (in 1978, broadcast uncut in 1979); Ecuador (also in 1978); Venezuela, Guatemala, Mexico, Brazil and Chile (all in 1979); Canada (circa 1980, with a compilation broadcast being entitled *The Underworld*); and New Zealand (where it was not shown until October 1987). In the USA, the serial was marketed by Time Life in an edited form from 1978, with a narration by Howard da Silva added; it also airs in the US as a 94-minute TV movie. *The Sun Makers* was first shown in episodic form on UK Gold in February 1994, with a compilation in March.

The BBC retains D3 digital tape transfers of all four episodes taken from the original two-inch videotapes. *The Sun Makers* is scheduled to be released on VHS cassette by BBC Video on Monday 2 July 2001. DWM

SERIAL 4W The Sun Makers

CAST **Tom Baker** *Doctor Who* with **Roy Macready** *Cordo*, **Carole Hopkin** *Nurse [1]*, **Richard Leech** *Hade*, **Louise Jameson** *Leela*, **John Leeson** *Voice of K9*, **Jonina Scott** *Marn*, **Michael Keating** *Goudry*, **William Simons** *Mandrel*, **Adrienne Burgess** *Veet*, **Henry Woolf** *Collector [2-4]*, **David Rowlands** *Bisham [2-4]*, **Colin McCormack** *Commander [3-4]*, **Derek Crewe** *Synge [3-4]*, **Tom Kelly** *Guard [4]*.

EXTRAS **John Dryden**, **Kelly Varney**, **Alan Crisp** *Megro Guards (Gatherer's Office)*; **David Enyon**, **Dave Holland** *Executive Grades*; **Barbara Bermel**, **Andrew Lord**, **David Downes**, **Ann Higgins**, **Jan Shilling**, **David Cleeves**, **Roy Roser**, **Norman Bacon** *Others*; **Jeff Waine**, **Andrew Lord** *Megro Guards (Corridor)*; **Max Faulkner** *Stuntman/Other*; **Peter Roy** *Guard*; **James Muir** *Death Attendant*; **Patricia Gordino** *Technic*; **David Ludwig** *Technic/Hakit*; **Keith Norrish** *Leela's Guard*; **John Leeson** *Computer Voice Zero Zero Five*; **Cy Town** *Gate Guard*; **Nellie Griffiths***, **George Ballantine*** *Death Grades*; **Nick Pendry***, **Ron Rogers***, **David Honeyball**, **Robert Lee** *Megro Guards*; **David Richens**, **Alan Thompson** *Cruiser Guards*; **Chris Balcombe**, **Roy Brent**, **Ronald Goodale**, **Harold Sharples** *Collector's Escort*; **Stephen Kane**, **Barry Summerfield** *IR Guards in Exchange Hall*; **Paul Barton** *Marn's Attendant*; **Leonie Jessel**, **Gill Goldston**, **Josephine McEvoy**, **Keith McDonald**, **Valerio Martinez**, **Harold Sharples**, **Stephen Phillips**, **Tony Northan**, **Louis Giboin** *Work Units*; **Malcolm Johns** *IR Guard*; **Harry Van Engel** *Megro Guard*; **Stuart Fell** *Stuntman/Guard*; **David Cleeve** *Megro Guard*; **Ken Taylor**, **Gerald Webb**, **Adrian Varcoe** *Others*; **Clifford Tozer**, **Peter Clare**, **Simon Barratt**, **Charles Molton**, **Jennie Weston**, **Elizabeth Havelock**, **Angela Tower**, **Marion Venn** *Work Units*.
**Cut from finished programme*

ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION

Episode	Transmitted	Time	Duration	Rating (chart pos)	App index
Part One	26 November 1977	6.05-6.30pm	24'59"	8.5M (48th)	–
Part Two	3 December 1977	6.05-6.30pm	24'57"	9.5M (36th)	62
Part Three	10 December 1977	6.05-6.30pm	24'57"	8.9M (35th)	–
Part Four	17 December 1977	6.05-6.30pm	24'57"	8.4M (42nd)	59

REPEAT TRANSMISSION

Part One	10 August 1978	6.20-6.45pm	24'59"	3.2M (117th)	–
Part Two	17 August 1978	7.10-6.35pm	24'59"	6.5M (50th)	–
Part Three	24 August 1978	7.10-6.35pm	24'59"	6.5M (49th)	–
Part Four*	31 August 1978	6.45-7.10pm	24'59"	7.1M (53rd)	–

*BBC Cymru: 1 September 1978 7.45-8.10pm

CREDITS *Written by* **Robert Holmes**. *Incidental Music by* **Dudley Simpson**. *Production Assistant* **Leon Arnold**. *Production Unit Manager* **John Nathan-Turner**. *Film Cameraman* **John Tiley**. *Film Recordist* **Dave Brinicombe**. *Film Editor* **Tariq Anwar**. *Lighting* **Derek Slee**. *Sound* **Michael McCarthy**. *Visual Effects Designers* **Peter Day** & **Peter Logan**. *Special Sound* **Paddy Kingsland***. *Costume Designer* **Christine Rawlings**. *Make-up Artist* **Janis Gould**. *Designer* **Tony Snoaden**. *Producer* **Graham Williams**. *Directed by* **Pennant Roberts**. BBC © 1977
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The DWM Awards 2000

HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS OF YOU PUT PEN TO PAPER TO SAY JUST WHAT YOU THOUGHT OF *DOCTOR WHO*, MILLENNIUM-STYLE. SO WHAT GOT YOUR VOTE – AND WHAT GOT YOUR GOAT?

RESULTS COMPILED BY EDWARD SALT. COMMENTARY BY CLAYTON HICKMAN

Eighth Doctor novels

Rank	Title	Average/10
1	The Burning	8.18
2	Casualties of War	8.16
3	The Banquo Legacy	8.02
4	The Turing Test	7.55
5	Endgame	7.38
6	The Fall of Yquatine	6.55
7	Coldheart	6.48
8	The Ancestor Cell	6.47
9	The Shadows of Avalon	6.46
10	Parallel 59	5.61
11	The Space Age	5.52
7	Independence Day	5.92
8	The King of Terror	5.83
9	Verdigris	5.81
10	Heart of TARDIS	5.28

"Of all the feedback we get about the books, I've always given more credence to the DWM *poll than others. As an indication of what the readers want and appreciate, it is of great value. It gives everyone at BBC Worldwide – as well as the authors – a huge amount of pride to see that our hard work is so well-received. The Burning was a deliberate attempt to reinvent Doctor Who and push the series in a new direction. From the relative positions of The Burning and the books that followed it, it seems that we succeeded. I hope we continue to succeed and to produce the sort of Doctor Who – in both ranges of books – that you enjoy reading"*

THE BURNING AUTHOR/*THE BANQUO LEGACY* CO-AUTHOR/ BBC BOOKS RANGE CONSULTANT JUSTIN RICHARDS

It seems that range consultant Justin Richards' desire to take the Eighth Doctor 'back to basics' in the linked 'Earth arc' books has proved a hit with most of you, with Richards' own *The Burning* taking top spot in this year's poll, and the subsequent instalments following close behind. **Mike Lord** of Wantage was pleased: "No Faction Paradox, no half-human Doctor, and no Iris bloody Wildthyme – just a straightforward adventure story," he enthused. **Marcus Brown** echoed this praise, stating: "It has been a pleasure to read the 'Earth arc' – traditional *Doctor Who* stories reminiscent of the Target books I grew up with." The relatively low placing of the controversial *Ancestor Cell* was predicted by Liverpool's **Phil Fenerty**: "I suspect that in years to come it will be regarded in the same way as *The Deadly Assassin*: in this year's poll it will be derided and scorned for the way it treats the Time Lords; future readers, however, will view it as a classic." **Ryan Jones** from Hereford had a succinct final comment on the *Interference* arc, which was wrapped up this year: "Could we create a paradox where Lawrence Miles never created the Faction, and didn't send the Eighth Doctor books up their own bum?!"

Past Doctors novels

Rank	Title	Average/10
1	Festival of Death	7.98
2	Last of the Gadarene	7.94
3	Grave Matter	7.91
4	Prime Time	7.00
5	Imperial Moon	6.78
6	Tomb of Valdemar	6.46

"I am very chuffed! All those hundreds of hours spent watching Doctor Who *videos and reading* Doctor Who *books have finally paid off. Thank you all!"*

FESTIVAL OF DEATH AUTHOR JONATHAN MORRIS

The traditionalists have taken over the asylum if the Past Doctors' Adventures poll is anything to go by. Top of the heap is Jonathan Morris' Tom and Lalla romp *Festival of Death*, which delighted **Sabrina Samuels** of Shrewsbury ("This is what I want from a *Doctor Who* book; to be entertained!") and Dorset's **Paul Tapner** ("*Festival of Death* by Gareth Ro ... sorry, Jonathan Morris was pure brilliance!"), to name but two. Runner-up was Mark Gatiss' *Last of the Gadarene*, which "summed up the Pertwee era perfectly," according to **Peter Dixon** of Warwickshire. No such praise for the bottom-place *Heart of TARDIS*. Peter Dixon again: "I thought it was going to be a corker, with two of the best Doctors and an interesting premise. Alas,

no. I love funny books. This wasn't one." **Steven Whaley** from Lincoln, meanwhile, found this year's batch of books lacking a certain astrakhan hat-wearing someone: "Where was the First Doctor? There are enough novels each year to allow every Doctor at least one outing! I feel short-changed, and I'm sure Troughton fans aren't too happy either ..."

Audio dramas

Rank	Title	Average/10
1	The Holy Terror	8.60
2	The Fires of Vulcan	8.32
3	The Spectre of Lanyon Moor	8.00
4	The Genocide Machine	7.97
5	The Marian Conspiracy	7.79
6	Phantasmagoria	7.70
7	The Mutant Phase	7.63
8	Whispers of Terror	7.39
9	The Fearmonger	6.96
10	The Shadow of the Scourge	6.92
11	Winter For the Adept	6.76
12	The Apocalypse Element	6.70
13	The Sirens of Time	6.36
14	The Land of the Dead	6.28
15	Red Dawn	6.17

"If The Holy Terror *is good, it's because of the brilliant (and patient!) direction of Nick Pegg, of the dream cast he assembled, and the confidence the Big Finish team gave me to write what I wanted – no matter how silly it sounded! Thanks to everyone who voted for it. I'm flabbergasted and overjoyed that so many of you enjoyed it!"*

THE HOLY TERROR WRITER ROBERT SHEARMAN

"Clever, witty, original, disturbing and moving. More from Mr Shearman, please!" was the verdict of Glasgow's **Kenny Smith** on Robert Shearman's tragi-comedy *The Holy Terror*, which has proved to be the cream of Big Finish's first 15 audio dramas. "Ten out of ten for *The Holy Terror!*" gushed **Paul Dawson** from Middlesex. "It's the funniest and the most genuinely disturbing *Doctor Who* story ever – the only one to touch upon the all-encompassing horror and tragedy of a very personal crime. Incredibly moving." If a talking penguin taking the top spot seems surprising, surely some of you must be in fits on hearing that Melanie Bush's return has come in a close second! Not so **E Stone** of Alton: "*Fires of Vulcan* boasts an excellent script, gorgeous dialogue, superb sound design and Bonnie Langford's best performance to date. Wonderful." There was also much praise for new Sixth Doctor companion Evelyn Smythe, with Birmingham's **Christopher Loftus** eulogising: "Big Finish have found the perfect team! Some accuse Evelyn of being too jolly, but speaking as a nurse I've met many older patients who remain upbeat despite everything – so there!" **Andy McCoy** of Leamington Spa, though, wasn't overly impressed by Evelyn's second outing, *The Apocalypse Element*; "The Daleks invade Gallifrey – just what the fans always wanted! Proof positive that you should never listen to the fans!" Languishing at the bottom of the poll were the Ice Warriors, their audio comeback *Red Dawn* being dismissed by **Ewan Morgan** of Aberdeen as "so well-researched

... so boring!" Ouch. Other returning foes fared rather better: "Top marks for *The Genocide Machine!* With the *Dalek Empire* stories Big Finish have taken the Daleks back to what they once were – frightening, scheming, unstoppable killing machines," reckoned **Michael East** of Blackburn. The last word on Big Finish's output to date goes to **Steven Whaley** of Lincoln: "Classics like *The Marian Conspiracy*, average stories like *The Fearmonger* and a disaster in *The Apocalypse Element* – it's just like the good old days, really!"

Most wanted DVD releases

	Title	Points	% vote
1	The Talons of Weng-Chiang	735	10.2%
2	The Tomb of the Cybermen	483	6.7%
3	The Curse of Fenric	453	6.3%
4	City of Death	399	5.6%
5	Genesis of the Daleks	324	4.5%
6	Pyramids of Mars	312	4.3%
7	The Trial of a Time Lord	264	3.7%
8	Inferno	240	3.3%
=	The Dæmons	240	3.3%
10	The War Games	231	3.2%

And the runners-up ...

[11] *The Seeds of Doom*; [12] *Ghost Light*; [13] *The Dalek Invasion of Earth*; [14] *Revelation of the Daleks*; [15] *The Three Doctors*; [16] *Logopolis*; [17] *100,000 BC*; [18] *Earthshock*; [19] *The Invasion*; [20] *The Deadly Assassin*; [21] *The Two Doctors*; [22] *The Daleks*; [23] *Terror of the Autons*; [24] *The Aztecs*; [25] *The Seeds of Death*; [26] *The Mind Robber*; [27] *Horror of Fang Rock*; [28] *The Ark in Space*; [29] *The Sea Devils*; [30] *Kinda*; [31] *The Green Death*; [32] *Planet of the Spiders*; [33] *Silver Nemesis*; [34] *The Leisure Hive*; [35] *Survival*; [36] *Doctor Who and the Silurians*; [37] *Warriors' Gate*; [38] *State of Decay*

"The Talons of Weng-Chiang will shred your fleeesh!"

51ST CENTURY WAR CRIMINAL MAGNUS GREEL

Thanks, Bent-face. A massive victory for *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*, which achieved more than 10% of the total vote. Considering the sheer number of stories which exist as potential DVD releases, this is a startling victory. As **Judy Grant** of Bristol says: "How many polls will *Talons* have to win before we finally get it unedited? It's the best ever story, BBC! We want it *now!*" Many will doubtless be heartened to note that the runner-up, *The Tomb of the Cybermen*, is planned for release in 2002. **Craig Patch** of Warminster wasn't best pleased, however, to see the story at number four recently re-released on a rather different format: "*City of Death* ... on VHS? Oh for heaven's sake! It's crying out for a DVD release!" The top of the chart was, perhaps predictably, dominated by Tom Baker stories, although Troughton and Pertwee also scored healthily. McCoy and Colin Baker got a showing in the top ten, while Hartnell popped up at number 13 with *The Dalek Invasion of Earth*; poor Peter Davison, however, doesn't get a look-in until the lower reaches of the top 20, with *Earthshock*. **Peter Dixon** of Warwickshire seems less worried about what gets released than *when*: "Can we have the DVDs a bit faster, please?" he asks. "It's taken nearly 20 years for the videos to come out and I don't want to wait as long again for the DVDs. How about 'season' boxes, BBC?" **DWM** has passed the complete results onto BBC Worldwide.

Doctor Who Magazine

Favourite overall issue

Rank	Issue	% vote
1	290	37.8%
2	297	13.2%
3	294	11.8%

A resounding victory for our multi-cover Tom Baker special, described by Dorset's **Steve Hardy** as "a well-crafted tribute to my favourite period of the show – and judging by his editorial, Tom should get his own regular column!" **Danny Horn** from Philadelphia, USA added: "I don't think I'll ever see Tom Baker again without thinking 'children would like it if the Doctor talked to badgers!'"

Favourite cover

Rank	Issue	% vote
1	291	25.6%
2	294	24.9%
3	290	10.3%

A close-run thing between **Roy Knipe**'s exploding Dalek and a flame-engulfed Eighth Doctor from *The Burning*. Book covers seem to be popular this year: "More covers from the Target books, please! You really can't beat them for stunning imagery. Can you get Chris Achilleos to do some Eighth Doctor artwork?" was **Bryan Simcott**'s plaintive request.

Favourite special feature

Rank	Feature	% vote
1	The Changing Face of Target Books	22.6%
2	Bohemian Rhapsodies	17.7%
3	Everything I Ever Needed to Know ...	15.6%

Another clear winner here, with David J Howe's exhaustive look behind the scenes of the novelisations provoking almost universal praise: "*The Changing Face of Target Books* has been a nostalgic ride through the workings of the publishing industry in a more gentlemanly era and a valuable document for future generations," enthused **Phil Fenerty** of Liverpool. Another hit from our Tom special was *Bohemian Rhapsodies*. **Neil Fox** found that it "impressed with its fresh, frank and insightful new commentaries on such a well-documented era." Coming a creditable third was *Everything I Ever Needed to Know...*, our irreverent series of life lessons drawn from *Doctor Who*: "Thank you Gareth Roberts for consistently making me ache with laughter," was **Neil Mulcahy** from Kent's reaction. "Now how about some more books ...?"

Favourite interview

Rank	Interviewee	% vote
1	Tom Baker	38.94%
2	Justin Richards	22.12%
3	Kate O'Mara	11.45%

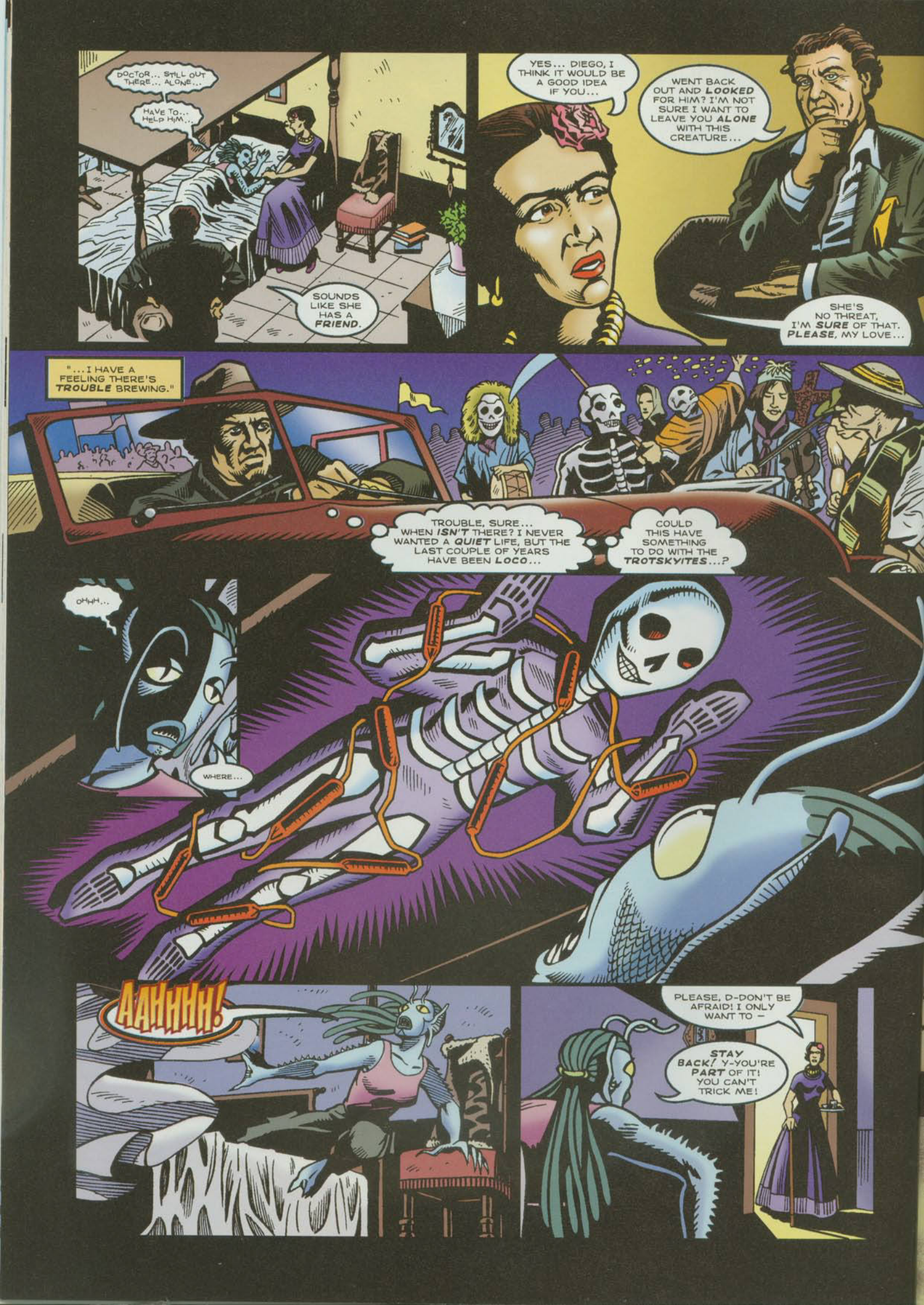
It's that man again! More than a third of you voted Mr Baker the tops in the interview stakes – so, er, does that mean you *want* those talking badgers ...?

HE'S ONLY BEEN GONE A FEW MONTHS...
... BUT IT FEELS LIKE A DECADE ALREADY.
I HAD A LOT OF RESPECT FOR YOUR OLD MAN...
I REMEMBER WHAT GUILLERMO SAID WHEN I TOLD HIM I WANTED TO MARRY YOU...
"SEÑOR RIVERA, YOU KNOW MY LITTLE FRIDA IS A DEMONIO, DON'T YOU?"
HAH. SUCH A WISE MAN...
DIEGO, WHEN WE GET TO CARLOS' PARTY, PROMISE ME YOU WON'T FIRE YOUR PISTOL AT HIS CHANDELIER LIKE LAST YEAR...
MY DOVE, OF COURSE NOT! A GOOD MAGICIAN NEVER REPEATS A TRICK!
YOU'RE AN ARTIST, NOT A MAGICIAN, YOU OAF!
THEY ARE ONE AND THE SAME, FRIDA! WE ARE BLESSED, YOU AND I... WE PLUCK SUBSTANCE FROM THE ETHER, CRAFTING WHOLE WORLDS FROM OUR BOUNDLESS IMAGINATIONS!
AND HERE I WAS THINKING WE WERE JUST SLAPPING SOME PAINT AROUND A CANVAS.
HEY, IT'S COLD OUT TONIGHT. THAT'S STRANGE...
AH, LOOK AROUND YOU, MY DOVE! DOESN'T IT MAKE YOU PROUD TO BE MEXICAN? LET THE REST OF THE WORLD HIDE AWAY FROM THIS NIGHT IN FEAR...
WE KNOW HOW TO CELEBRATE LIFE!

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH
PART ONE

SCOTT GRAY – WRITER MARTIN GERAGHTY – ARTIST ROBIN SMITH – INKER/COLOURIST
ROGER LANGRIDGE – LETTERER ALAN BARNES & CLAYTON HICKMAN – EDITORS

I CAN NEVER REMEMBER, WHICH IS THE FASTEST WAY TO –
HEY! WH–?!
DIEGO, LOOK OUT!
SCREEEEECH!
THWUMPH!
MADRE DE DIOS! SHE CAME OUT OF NOWHERE... I-I SWERVED, BUT...
NEVER MIND THAT! SHE NEEDS HELP!
JODER. THAT'S SOME MASK SHE'S WEARING...
TAKE A CLOSER LOOK...
THAT'S NO MASK.
BUT... HOW? WHAT IS IT?
A GIRL. A VERY SPECIAL GIRL...
I THINK SHE'S JUST STUNNED... NO BONES SEEM TO BE BROKEN...
BONES... NOTHING... BUT BONES...
BONES...
WE SHOULD GET HER TO THE HOSPITAL...
AND HAVE SOME BOBO DOCTOR CUT HER OPEN TO SEE WHAT MAKES HER TICK? NO! WE'RE TAKING HER HOME...
EASY NOW, LITTLE ONE... YOU'LL BE OKAY...
WHAT KIND OF A LIFE MUST YOU HAVE HAD, GROWING UP LOOKING LIKE THIS...?


DOCTOR... STILL OUT THERE... ALONE...
HAVE TO... HELP HIM...
SOUNDS LIKE SHE HAS A FRIEND.
YES... DIEGO, I THINK IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA IF YOU...
WENT BACK OUT AND LOOKED FOR HIM? I'M NOT SURE I WANT TO LEAVE YOU ALONE WITH THIS CREATURE...
SHE'S NO THREAT, I'M SURE OF THAT. PLEASE, MY LOVE...
"...I HAVE A FEELING THERE'S TROUBLE BREWING."
TROUBLE, SURE... WHEN ISN'T THERE? I NEVER WANTED A QUIET LIFE, BUT THE LAST COUPLE OF YEARS HAVE BEEN LOCO...
COULD THIS HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE TROTSKYITES...?
OHHH...
WHERE...
AAHHHH!
PLEASE, D-DON'T BE AFRAID! I ONLY WANT TO —
STAY BACK! Y-YOU'RE PART OF IT! YOU CAN'T TRICK ME!

DOCTOR! WHERE ARE YOU?
DOCTOR!
KRREESH!
MY NAME IS FRIDA KAHLO... YOU'RE IN MY HOME... TH-THERE WAS AN ACCIDENT...
DOCTOR!
PLEASE COME BACK INSIDE, I WAS ONLY TRYING TO HELP! THIS ISN'T WISE, YOU MAY BE INJURED!
YOU SHOULDN'T BE...
FRIIIDA...
YOU SEEM SURPRISED, MY SWEET LITTLE ANGEL...
SURELY YOU WERE EXPECTING ME?
HOW COULD I STAY AWAY, TONIGHT OF ALL NIGHTS?
POPPA?
OH, POPPA... I NEVER DARED DREAM...
I... I'VE M-MISSED YOU SO...
I KNOW, CHILD, I KNOW. NOW WIPE AWAY YOUR TEARS...

... AND TAKE MY HAND.
NOOOO!
DON'T LET HIM TOUCH YOU!
LET ME GO! POPPA, HELP!
DON'T STRUGGLE! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, W-WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY!
WHAT A MONSTER YOU MUST BE, TO KEEP A FATHER FROM HIS DAUGHTER...
SHWAKK!
NNNGH!
YOU SHOULD CHOOSE YOUR FRIENDS MORE CAREFULLY, FRIDA...
WELL, NO-ONE AROUND WHERE WE FOUND THE GIRL...
MIERDA! I'M DRIVING AROUND COYOACAN LOOKING FOR A MAN WITH NO DESCRIPTION! HOW DOES FRIDA TALK ME INTO THESE THINGS?!
HEY, THERE'S A LIGHT COMING FROM COSTILLIO PARK...

WHO'S THERE...?
COME ON, I KNOW I SAW SOMEONE...
YOU DON'T WANT TO MESS WITH ME, FRIEND... SHOW YOUR FACE BEFORE I GET –
ROOAAHH?!
SORRY ABOUT THAT, BUT I WOULDN'T RECOMMEND BEING OUT IN THE OPEN RIGHT NOW...
ARE -- ARE YOU TIRED OF LIVING, YOU CRAZY GRINGO?! I'VE GOT A GUN, COMPRENDE?!
AND VERY NICE IT IS TOO. WOULD YOU MIND KEEPING QUIET FOR A MOMENT? TRUST ME, IT'S IN BOTH OF OUR INTERESTS...
WHY? WHO ARE YOU? WHY ARE YOU HIDING HERE?
WHAT'S THAT MACHINE?
SIGH...
THIS IS AN ENDO-DIMENSIONAL TRACER. I'M USING IT TO STUDY AN OBJECT IN THE PARK...
YOU ARE CRAZY. THE PARK'S EMPTY...
I ONLY WISH IT WAS. TAKE A LOOK THROUGH THE LENS...
AND PLEASE START WHISPERING.
ESTUPENDO!
IT'S -- IT'S LIKE SOMETHING BOCCIONI MIGHT HAVE CARVED! WHERE DID IT COME FROM?!
A LONG, LONG WAY FROM HERE. IT'S BEEN SHIELDED FROM PRYING EYES BY A SOPHISTICATED SPECTRAL REFRACTION SCREEN...
I HAVE TO CONFESS, I'VE NEVER SEEN A SPACECRAFT QUITE LIKE IT...

A SPACECRAFT?! Y-YOU MEAN LIKE IN FLASH GORDON? THIS IS WONDERFUL!
WAIT! STAY UNDER COVER!
THAT GIRL... IT ALL MAKES SENSE NOW! SHE MUST BE ONE OF THE SPACE PEOPLE!
HELLO! WELCOME TO MEXICO, MY FRIENDS!
AH, THAT'S WHAT WE LIKE TO SEE...!
...FRIENDLY NATIVES.
NOW, WHO'D LIKE TO KILL THEM?
ME!
NO, ME!
To be continued...

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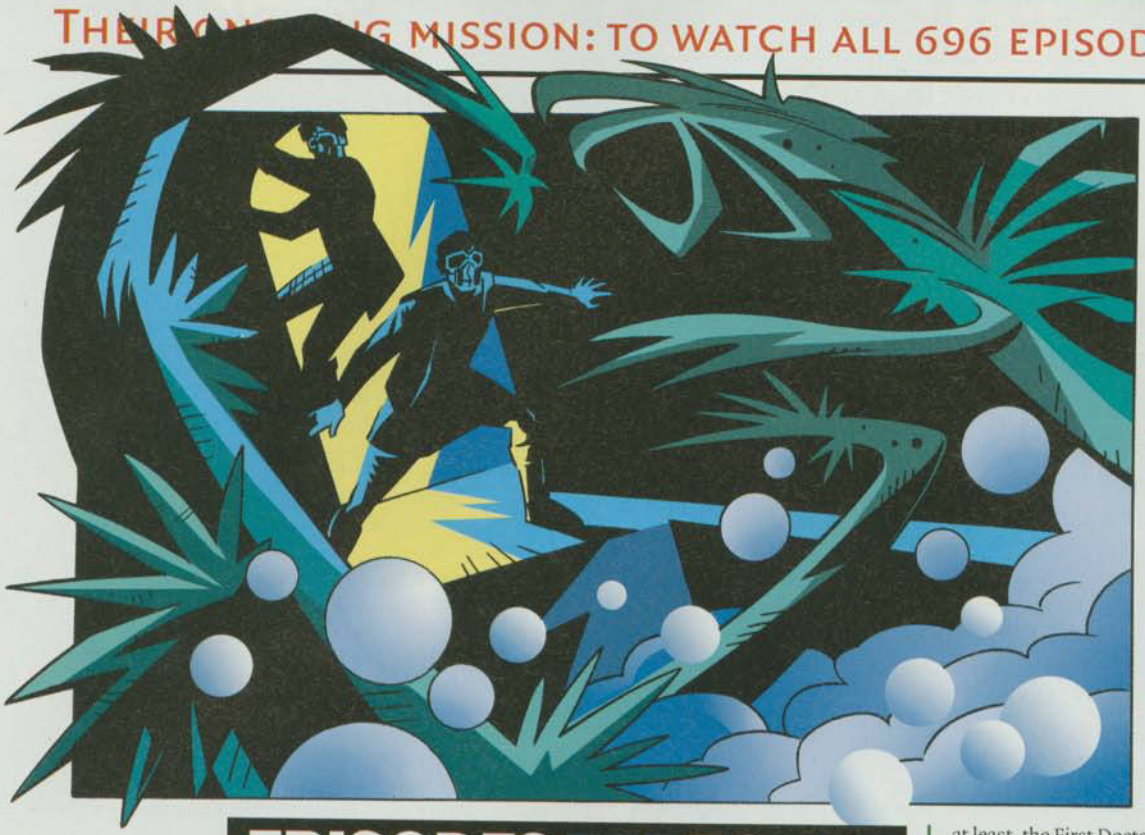
The Time Team

THEIR [illegible]G MISSION: TO WATCH ALL 696 EPISODES OF DOCTOR WHO



EPISODES 193 TO 200

Cliché counters

Deaths on screen so far
00241

One or more regulars rendered unconscious
00052

One or more regulars incarcerated
00080

Compiled by Gary Gillatt
Illustrations by Adrian Salmon

Never, the whole Team agree, has the BBC's junking of so many black and white *Doctor Who* episodes seemed a more tragic error than it does today. Although their journey through the Doctor's monochrome adventures has often called upon them to switch off the TV and click an audio cassette into the stereo, this is one of those rare sessions where every one of the eight episodes exists only as a soundtrack. It's all very depressing. That loss is all the more keenly felt after the near-unanimous approval the gang gave the extant opening instalment of *The Web of Fear* last time round. And so the Team turn their ears to Jac's stereo, peer intently at blurry two-inch telesnaps, count their blessings (they did have Episode 1, after all) and go back underground, to join battle with the Yeti ...

"There's a real sense of national emergency," says Peter. "Everyone plays it so straight you can actually believe that London has been shut down because robot Yeti have filled the Tube with web." Jac is loving it: "This sort of story has extra resonance to me as a Londoner because it features locations I know really well. It's so specific."

To recap: the Doctor is lost in the tunnels, and Jamie and Victoria fear he's been killed in an explosion at Covent Garden. All seems bleak until they find an old friend working with the soldiers who are fighting to save London ...

"Professor Travers works much better in this story than he did in *The Abominable Snowmen*," comments Richard. "Much less annoying. He's old, he's grumpy and he's much more of a character." "His meeting with Victoria and Jamie is genuinely touching and poignant," nods Peter. "You can really feel for him – so old while they've stayed young."

"All this new-fangled 'continuity' business is very odd, isn't it?" laughs Clay. "I hope they don't get carried away ..." Although wary that Professor Krimpton and Dodo's granny are about to pop up, Clay still has praise for Jamie: "He's getting very good at reasoning things out, isn't he? Look as he works out what must have happened to London and goes off looking for the pyramid of the Great Intelligence. When did he stop being a comedy clot?"

As we reach Episode 3, Jamie is trapped in the tunnels with a comedy Welshman, Driver Evans, while Victoria is being followed by some mysterious feet. "It's Bret Vyon!" cackles Peter, as one Colonel Lethbridge-Stewart steps from the shadows to greet Victoria. This new soldier type is with the Doctor, although we've missed their meeting. It seems unimportant now, but it will feel like a tragic omission later ...

Jamie spots a Yeti carrying a glowing pyramid and – remembering how the evil Intelligence was defeated in Tibet – takes action. "That's so brilliant!" coos Clay. "Smashing the pyramid was an integral part of destroying the Intelligence in *The Abominable Snowmen*, so Jamie breaking it seconds into part three but it *not making a damn bit of difference* is terrifying. How the stakes are raised!"

As everyone gathers as the Goodge Street HQ, it's time for a vital briefing. Pay attention at the back! "This is very clever piece of writing," says Richard. "The audience seems to be effectively learning about the invasion as the same time as the Doctor. Lots and lots of information, but very subtly put across."

"This jolly little Doctor is more inhuman than the First Doctor in some ways, isn't he?" muses Jac. "By the end, at least, the First Doctor was coming across as a grumpy old man but with a heart of gold. Now this Doctor is, on the surface, a much more loveable chap, but underneath he's definitely a 'bigger picture' guy. He seems to care much more about the Yeti situation than the safety of Jamie."

Of pressing concern to this plucky band of soldiers and scientists is the inescapable fact that they have a traitor in their midst – the Yeti know their every move before they make it. Has the Intelligence found a human host again? "That Lethbridge-Stewart's appearance sudden appearance is very suspicious. I'll wager he's the traitor!" comments Peter sagely.

The search for the mole is the main theme of Episode 4. "Someone in here is in league with the Yeti, maybe even controlling them," states the Doctor in measured tones. "It's clever," says Richard, "how the finger of suspicion ends up being pointed at everyone, as they all seem to be disappearing off at various points."

"This story has a brilliant atmosphere and it's really very good ..." Everyone looks to Clay for his 'but'. "But I can't help feeling that most of this season is brilliant ideas stretched to their limits. *Web* is great so far, but it still seems to need a good edit."

The Doctor is forced to explain about the TARDIS – and, surprisingly, he is believed. "This Lethbridge-Stewart fellow is an open-minded guy!" says Jac. "He seems to believe about the TARDIS straight -way – how fab!" "Or he's extremely foolish," adds Peter. "Risking his life and that of his men, for a time machine. Unless he's the Intelligence, of course!"

A push through Covent Garden to reach the Doctor's ship has a terrible cost. "So many people are killed this week!" notes Clay. "It's astonishing. The series so rarely kills off its guest cast – especially this early on."

Back HQ, the Doctor sets about finding a way to defeat the Yeti, but is interrupted when two of the robots storm into the room. And they're not alone!

"Hah!" shouts Peter. "I told you the traitor was Travers!"

We've reached the fifth episode – and, traitor or no, Travers is channelling the voice of the Intelligence, offering some motivation. Richard is sceptical: "The whole thing as been set up as a trap for the Doctor? It's a bit over-elaborate, isn't it? Covering London in fungusy-web type stuff, filling the tunnels with Yeti? Wasn't there a simpler way?"

Clay nods. "And I had hoped the Intelligence might have

IN ORDER. FROM THE START.

concocted a better plan than sticking a hat on Doctor Who's head and draining his mind. Or is that not such a cliché in 1968?"

As the Doctor and Anne continue with their Yeti-repelling-gadget-building, Peter seems rather smitten with Ms Travers: "It's so refreshing to see a female character who's very intelligent and yet still has a sense of humour. She would make a fab companion ..." he sighs.

But there's no time for this – the web's broken into the HQ! Jac: "This is like *And Then There Were None* done by Nigel Kneale. People disappearing all over the place, no-one knowing who the traitor is, a creeping sense of claustrophobia, and now there's not even a safe refuge as the fungus can break down walls!" She pauses. "Actually, there's not a lot of *web* in this story, is there? It should really have been called *'The Fungus of Fear'*!"

Richard shoots her a sidelong glance. "From the pictures," he says, sniffily, waving an old **DWM** around, "the visual effect they used for the web looks rather good." Well, that's told us.

The Team are swiftly entangled in the final episode, but Jac's not terribly enthralled by all the to-ing and fro-ing: "Most of the episode's just wandering back and forth along the tunnels," she sighs. "More exciting bits, please!" It's not long, though, before everyone's fetched up at Piccadilly Circus ready for just such an exciting bit – the big showdown with the Great Intelligence. Time to reveal the real traitor, perhaps?

"Oh. It's Arnold!" mutters Peter, deflated. And indeed, the seemingly staunch Sergeant has been duping them all along, his Northern accent vanishing as the Intelligence takes full control. "It's rather a shock to realise that Jack Woolgar has actually been putting on an accent whilst playing Arnold," shivers Richard, as the soldier forces the Doctor under the brain-draining hat. "It's really very creepy," agrees Clay. "Like Jamie in *The Faceless Ones* all over again."

The Team listen, rapt, as all hell breaks loose. In a remarkably similar fashion to *The Abominable Snowmen*'s finale, Yeti rampage, the Intelligence hisses, people scream and things get smashed up. Thankfully, the Intelligence's main control pyramid is one of them. The nasty entity is zapped back into space, frying Arnold and freeing the Doctor. London is saved! And is the Doctor pleased? Erm, no. "That rotten Doctor!" shrieks Jac. "Everyone was all brave and resourceful and risked their lives to save him, and does he say 'thank you'? No. The ingratitude is staggering!"

The Doctor, it transpires had sneakily rewired the Intelligence's helmet so that it, and not he, would have been brain-drained. "Well, *sorr-ee!*" growls Richard. "Excuse us for not being telepathic!" Our hero is most definitely in the doghouse ...

Clay, who has abstained from Doctor-bashing, delivers his verdict: "Brilliant, obviously, but it should have been *more* brilliant. It's got the most sublimely creepy setting but degenerates into lots of running about and gun-play. Still, you have to hand it to them: it's the most ludicrous concept ever – 'Yeti invade the London Underground with cobweb guns' – but never for a moment do you question it!"

The most ludicrous concept ever, eh? Everyone ready for some sentient seaweed, then? Cue *Fury From the Deep* ...

The TARDIS has landed by the sea – or, rather, on it – and her crew are forced to clamber aboard a rubber dinghy to reach the shore. Everyone is faintly surprised that they don't capsize with a comedy 'sploosh', to be honest. Richard, meanwhile is already concerned for their safety: "They're always getting shot at on the beach," he frets. It's not Aussie assassins who greet the TARDIS team on this seashore, however. Something else from the Doctor's past has returned to terrorise him ...

"Foam!" laughs Jac, as a quivering mass of the stuff bubbles on the sand. The Doctor, however, is more interested in a nearby pipeline, inside which a mysterious heartbeat can be heard ... "Hang on," says Peter. "They land by the sea – shades of *Enemy of the World*; they find some foam – shades of *The Ice Warriors*; they hear a heartbeat – shades of the *Macra Terror* ... Are we getting a wee bit formulaic here?"

Suddenly the Doctor, Jamie and Victoria are shot down. "Told you so," smirks Richard.

They awake in the Euro Sea Gas refinery where Robson, the bloke in charge, questions their presence in a restricted area. There's been a problem with the gas pressure; Robson's aide, Harris, thinks that the pipeline should be shut down while they investigate. Endless bickering ensues ('Turn the gas flow off!'/'Keep it on!'/'Off!'/'On!') when Dutch consultant Van Lutyens also advises caution. "It's another in that special genre of 'Cranky Commander Stories'," pipes up Clay. "From *The Tenth Planet* onward we've had a succession of them. I suppose there'll be an icily efficient woman somewhere, too ..." Not until Episode 4, there won't.

Meanwhile, Harris' wife, Maggie, has been stung by some seaweed and is feeling peaky. A cliffhanger is in the offing when Victoria strays into an oxygen storeroom and a mass of foam and weed gushes towards her. "Oh dear," mutters Richard. "Only having an audio to go by, you really notice that Victoria's cliffhanger scream is rather naff!"

In Episode 2, the Team are relieved to hear Victoria rescued, but become uneasy when Maggie receives some unexpected visitors – two odd-looking maintenance engineers. "Ooh!" gasps Jac, as the men begin to exhale a toxic gas at Mrs Harris, courtesy of a surviving clip. "Mr Oak and Mr Quill are *really* creepy. *Doctor Who* is just creep city at the moment." Clay, too, is impressed: "Hands down, the most terrifying things ever! Thank you, the Australian censors!"

Things then take a turn for the tedious, as more pipeline-based arguments ensue ('Off!'/'On!'/'Do it, man!'). Jac sighs, heavily. "This shares the problem of *The Ice Warriors*," she complains. "Great swathes of drama without the time travellers. This is all about Robson, Van Lutyens and the refinery – they even get the cliffhanger!" "But *what* a cliffhanger!" enthuses Richard. "'It's down there ... in the darkness ... in the pipeline ... waiting.' What a perfect way to end an episode!"

Soon, the Doctor's back in his TARDIS, analysing the murderous seaweed. Apparently it feeds off gas and ... hang about, this is a gas refinery, isn't it? Oak and Quill, meanwhile, have locked Robson in his room and filled it with foam ("Perhaps they couldn't bear the thought of more 'On!'/'Off!' arguments, either," says Peter). Rescued by Harris, Robson has something of a breakdown, but the group's attention is wavering. Luckily, Doctor Who and friends then find a big weed monster at the Harris' home, so that's alright.

Events take an unexpected turn as the now-weed infected Robson meets the already-infected Maggie on the beach – and, after a short discussion, she walks calmly into the sea, disappearing beneath the waves. The Team are unanimous in their praise of this supremely strange cliffhanger: "Weird and spooky. I *love* it!" breathes Richard, as the closing theme plays ... DWM

"There's not a lot of web in this story, is there? It should have been called 'The Fungus of Fear'!"

And you said ...

THE WEB OF FEAR

"OK, Travers says *Snowmen* was 40 years ago. Ann says it was 1935. That makes *Web of Fear* 1975. If *The Invasion* is another four years on from that ... looks like UNIT dating was screwed up right from the word go!"
STEVE MANFRED, USA

"It slows down terribly after the fabulously grim Episode 4, with Lethbridge-Stewart's shell-shocked incoherence and most of the supporting cast dead. With fewer characters, the padding shows in a big way"
ALEX WILCOCK, LONDON

"We were almost through this story without someone saying, 'All these tunnels look the same to me' – but Victoria comes to the rescue at the end! You should add this to the cliché counter ..."
STEVE MANFRED, USA

FURY FROM THE DEEP

"Now the Doctor's got a sonic screwdriver, why's it still up to Victoria to free them from a locked room with a hairpin?"
KIT PERREN, CHESHIRE

"This is the one, isn't it? 'The cliffhanger with the ventilator grille' – as much a mantra for the class of '68 as 'the one with the maggots' became for others, later. I think I screamed louder than Victoria!"
KEITH TOPPING, NEWCASTLE

"With a breakdown, a possible suicide and plenty of arguments against a bleak, industrial backdrop, this is reminiscent of 1960s 'kitchen sink' dramas!"
KIT PERREN, CHESHIRE

"By Episode 3 the human characters are just as disturbing as the weed creature!"
STEVE HARDY, DORSET

The Team will be back in **DWM** 308 – so if you never got round to telling us what you thought of *Fury From the Deep* Episodes Four to Six, plus the first five parts of *The Wheel in Space*, you've got until 26 July! Send your comments to: *The Time Team*, Doctor Who Magazine, Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ. E-mail: *dwm@panini.co.uk*

Gallifrey Guardian

AT LAST! LONG-AWAITED SEVENTH DOCTOR RADIO PILOT TO BE WEBCAST BY BBC NEW MEDIA

Death comes online!

In a groundbreaking move sure to delight many fans, the pilot episode for the planned *Doctor Who* radio drama *Death Comes to Time* will be 'webcast' via the BBC's official website from noon on Friday 13 July.

Originally recorded last year as a pilot for BBC Radio 4, this one-off presentation is apparently the first time that the BBC has broadcast any drama production exclusively online. The ambitious project stars Sylvester McCoy, Sophie Aldred and several household names.

This first episode of the projected six-part *Death Comes to Time* story, entitled *At the Temple of the Fourth*, will be split into a number of 'Real Audio' files which will be made available for streaming from *www.bbc.co.uk/doctorwho*, the series' official site. Back in 1999, all four parts of the Comic Relief charity adventure *The Curse of Fatal Death* were likewise made available in Real Media format via the BBC's *Comic Relief* website. In the case of *Death Comes to Time*, the full set of files represents the 25-minute episode submitted as a pilot by producer Dan Freedman. According to Freedman, all the files will remain online for some months to come. As the number of requests to hear the files can be measured statistically, it is hoped that a high enough demand may yet encourage the BBC to consider completion of the serial at a later date.

The official site is also showcasing *The Making of Death Comes to Time*, featuring photos of the recording, interviews and a brief production history. Online visitors are promised a chance to review the episode, vote on its future, and even win a copy of the script.

The BBC's Fictionlab unit has developed the interactive event. Fictionlab head Richard Fell says: "We have developed an innovative online presentation for a very dedicated, internet-based community. Since the programme first hit BBC screens it has become an institution and we are sure that the Doctor's online regeneration will be warmly received by a legion of fans."

The Real Player software required to access *Death Comes to Time* can be downloaded free from *www.real.com*.

Events update

Tom Baker will open an exhibition of *Doctor Who* memorabilia at the Letchworth Museum, Broadway, Letchworth, North Herts at 11.00am on Saturday 14 July. The display, which contains costumes and other collectors' items, can be seen until 1 September; it'll be open daily between 10.00 and 5.00, except Wednesdays, Sundays and Bank Holidays. For further information call 01462 685647 or e-mail: *letchworth.museum@nhdc.gov.uk*

DWM 307

More of Michael Troughton's Memories next issue, plus: inside the *Dalek Empire*; Chapter Two of our *New Adventures* history, *Tales From the Fiction Factory*; *The Time Meddler* in *The DWM Archive*; a grisly encounter in *The Way of All Flesh*; and all your favourites, including a bonus-length *DWM Review*. DWM 307 goes on sale 26 July!

Coming Up... extra!

Death Comes to Time
At the Temple of the Fourth

written by **Colin Meek**

Featuring The Seventh Doctor and Ace
Enemies The Canisians
Setting The planet Santiny; a temple in the Orion Nebula; the garden of Casmus
You'll like this if you like ... Space operas about warring planets; new angles on Time Lord mythology; the ambitious soundscapes first attempted in *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*
Listen out for the bit where Ace learns a parable

The Doctor Sylvester McCoy
Ace Sophie Aldred
Guard/Senator Hawk John Culshaw
Antimony Kevin Eldon
Pilot David Evans
Casmus Leonard Fenton
Minister of Chance Stephen Fry
Senator/Soldier/Civilian Richard Garraty
Senator Sala Britta Gardner
Fighter Pilot Benjamin Langley
Admiral Mettna Jacqueline Pearce
General Tannis John Sessions
President Huw Thomas
Captain Murray Treadwell

Music Nik Romero
Script editor Nev Fountain
Producer/director Dan Freedman

The peaceful planet of Santiny is being invaded by the ruthless Canisians, led by the casually sadistic General Tannis. After a catastrophic attack on Santiny, its Senators are herded together at gunpoint, with no hope of rescue – until the Doctor and his companion arrive. However, the Seventh Doctor's companion here is the young hero, Antimony. So where is Ace being held, and who will rescue her? Who is summoning the Doctor? What is the enigmatic Minister's agenda? Above all, what connects Tannis' assault with the recent deaths of two Time Lords – and the ancient myths of the Gallifreyans?

NO, PLEASE! I SURRENDER! I –
ALL VESSELS FIRE AT WILL!
"THIS PLANET IS BLOCKADED! NO HELP IS COMING..."
TWO TIME LORDS HAVE DIED ... VIOLENTLY
POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX
HELLO! I'M THE DOCTOR!
I SENSE SOMETHING TERRIBLE IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN...

PHOTOMONTAGE BY CLAYTON HICKMAN

Frustratingly, these questions will only be partially answered in the so-far solitary episode of *Death Comes to Time*; the remaining parts have only been storylined. The process of getting one episode's worth of such ambitious material together was complex, as producer Dan Freedman explains: "I was at the Edinburgh Festival with Sophie Aldred, who was already a friend. She said, 'Come and see Sylvester McCoy in this play he's doing.' I wasn't really a *Doctor Who* fan, but we got talking afterwards about why the series never came back, and she said, 'Well, you're a BBC producer, why don't you do it?'

"I thought it would be perfect for audio. The reason I came to feel so strongly about *Doctor Who* being a BBC property is because it's not really a science fiction programme any more – its a sort of legend, a national treasure." Although Freedman's background was as a writer-producer in radio comedy, he soon seized the opportunities afforded by Colin Meek's script: "In my first conversation with Sylvester, he said, 'I'd like the Doctor to be deeper and more fallible.' Colin had been constructing a massive story arc which we were all mad keen on, and then I had to get him to knock up a script for the pilot, which got commissioned very suddenly. The pilot had to have enough to sell the rest of the story to people, so we juggled some scenes and actors intended for later episodes into it, just to make it passable on its own."

Freedman secured the involvement of such eye-catching names as John Sessions (with whom he'd worked on an adaptation of Dante's *Inferno*), Stephen Fry and Jacqueline Pearce, recording the actors in fragmentary sessions between July and October last year.

Alick Hale-Munro, whose technical wizardry was crucial to the impact of the original *Hitchhiker's Guide* serial, was among those involved in the studio sessions, while Nik Romero contributed a sweeping score and yet another theme arrangement. Freedman, however, reserves special praise for sound designer Jon Taylor: "He was absolutely brilliant! We were up until 3.00am for about a month working on it together," he recalls. "The result has a different feel to any previous *Doctor Who* recording. That's what we were aiming for – to expand the universe slightly. Rather than an audio, I was trying to make a virtual reality."

For now, Freedman is excited about the online broadcast. As for the fate of *Death Comes to Time*, he says: "It's not the end of the road, but how far the road goes ... well, as with *Doctor Who* in general, it depends how many people watch or listen to it. I'll try to keep people in touch with what happens to it!"

MARK WYMAN

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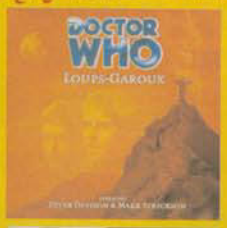

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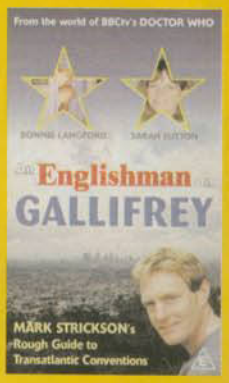

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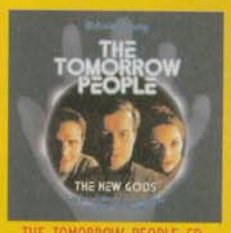

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AUTUMN VIDEO SET EXCLUSIVE TO HIGH STREET CHAIN

Davros gets boxed!

In a surprise addition to its 2001 schedule, BBC Video has announced a special release for September, centred around crippled Dalek creator Davros.

September 17 will see the release of *Doctor Who: The Davros Collection*, a limited edition boxed set containing all five stories featuring the character: *Genesis of the Daleks* (1975), *Destiny of the Daleks* (1979), *Resurrection of the Daleks* (1984), *Revelation of the Daleks* (1985) and *Remembrance of the Daleks* (1988). The set, which retails at £34.99, will only be available in the UK at branches of newsagents WH Smith, similar to Woolworths' exclusive release of *The Twin Dilemma* back in 1992. The version of *Remembrance* included in the set will be complete, the recent DVD version having been released minus a couple of its visual effects.

Davros: trundling to Smiths

DVD update

North American fans will have one up on their British counterparts when *The Five Doctors: Special Edition* DVD is released in the US on 3 September: actor Peter Davison and writer Terrance Dicks recently recorded a commentary to be heard exclusively on the Region 1 version of the disc.

February 2002's UK DVD release has now been confirmed as Season Five opener *The Tomb of the Cybermen*, starring Patrick Troughton. The film prints, recovered from Hong Kong in 1992, are being extensively cleaned up by the Restoration Team. A commentary by companion actors Deborah Watling and Frazer Hines was recorded on 21 May for inclusion on the disc, alongside production notes and a photo gallery.

Cybermats: digitised

Further extras currently being considered include: an introduction recorded in 1992 by the late director Morris Barry; a featurette using material recorded at the BAFTA *Tombwatch* video launch in 1992, when many of the stars and production crew discussed the story; and a colour feature about the BBC Visual Effects department from a 1967 edition of BBC2's *Late Night Line-Up*. There is also the possibility of a featurette about the remastering which *Tomb* will have undergone for its DVD incarnation.

Meanwhile, further extras have been confirmed for August's UK DVD release of the unedited 1996 *Doctor Who* TV Movie. Already confirmed are an audio commentary by director Geoffrey Sax, an interview with producer Philip Segal, on-screen subtitles, extracts and interviews from the Fox TV electronic press kit, a photo gallery and an isolated synchronous music track. These will now be joined by four previously unreleased music tracks, *In a Dream* (the song heard on the Doctor's gramophone), *All Dressed Up* (featured in the morgue scenes), *Ride into the Moonlight* (as played at the New Year's party) and *Auld Lang Syne* (recorded for, but not used in, the final scenes); behind-the-scenes footage and a tour of the TARDIS set; two alternative versions of existing scenes ('Puccini' and 'Give Me the Keys'); and two BBC trailers.

NEW PUSH TO FIND LOST BBC PROGRAMMES

Doctor Where?

The BBC has launched 'Treasure Hunt', a high-profile initiative to locate missing episodes of its TV and radio output – including, of course, *Doctor Who*.

Recordings of pre-1980 television and radio programmes are being sought as the Corporation attempts to plug gaps in its Archive, all one million hours of which is currently being transferred to digital formats.

The BBC's press release states that: "Films or tapes of lost programmes may be held by private collectors or former BBC producers. They may be copies that were licensed to be shown abroad and never returned. They could even be good quality home recordings from the television or radio of national events. The BBC will offer a modern format copy in return."

The hunt has already turned up two previously missing 1969 episodes of the much-loved comedy series *Dad's Army*: *The Battle of Godfrey's Cottage* and *Operation Kilt*. The episodes were found in a heap of 19 rusting film cans given to the BBC by an anonymous Hertfordshire man; the cans were pulled out of a skip at Elstree film studios in the 1970s and kept for many years before being passed on for safe-keeping to a friend, who came forward after hearing of the appeal.

Dad's Army: 'In a *skip*, Wilson?'

Further details can be found on the Treasure Hunt website at *www.bbc.co.uk/cult/treasurehunt*.

Ultra Vox

PORTSMOUTH RECENTLY PLAYED HOST TO A BRAND-NEW *DOCTOR WHO* STAGE PLAY, *VOX DEI*. ANDREW WEBSTER WAS THERE ...

"A near-deserted space station orbiting a black hole, a desperate rag-tag huddle of survivors, an unstoppable alien killing machine, a murderous troop of extra-terrestrial marauders and the most powerful explosive ever created ticking relentlessly down to zero ... the Doctor is back!"

Huntington: 'theatrical'

And indeed he was for four nights only as *Doctor Who: Vox Dei* (literally 'Voice of God') ran at The New Theatre Royal, Portsmouth. This was the second *Doctor Who* production by the Battered Suitcase Company, and the third *Doctor Who* play in Portsmouth in just over a year.

David Huntington starred as the Tenth Doctor with Gavyn Sheffield as Prince Karnak (in a continuation from last year's *Hellblossom*) and Kate Watson as Penny 11, an android who joined the TARDIS crew on Happyworld (the Happiest Place in the Universe!).

Huntington's Doctor was excellent, played with conviction. His performance, and in particular his vocal inflections, were extremely reminiscent of Colin Baker; this was very much a theatrical Doctor, well-suited to the stage.

The play itself consisted of two very entertaining 45 minute 'episodes', with performances ranging from the excellent to the toe-curling. The script called for big special effects but the budget was smaller than a very small thing – though how many 'genuine' *Doctor Who* stories does that description cover?

It would be easy to pick holes in the production, but that would be rather like telling a five-year-old child that their performance in the Christmas nativity was poor and lacking in conviction. My (non-fan) companion enjoyed the evening as much as I did, simply because *Vox Dei* was a great evening's entertainment. A brand new *Doctor Who* adventure for just over a fiver isn't to be sniffed at, and (whilst not wishing to denigrate the audio-only productions) there's something very special about being able to *see* a new adventure unfold for the first time before your eyes.

Doctor Who: Warsmith is booked at The New Theatre Royal for November 2002. On the basis of *Vox Dei*, I'd certainly recommend that you try to catch it.

Outside the Spaceship

compiled by Dominic May

Never mind the ballots Returning UNIT officer **Richard Franklin** stood as the Eurosceptic UK Independence Party's candidate for Hove in the recent General Election. A UKIP representative telephoned **DWM** to suggest we might like to publish something more interesting than what he so flatteringly described as our "usual bland text" – so we'll take him at his word, and print more than he'd probably like us to. *Private Eye* recently reported on the performance of a UKIP panto written and directed by Franklin; entitled *The Kween's Speech*, it preceded a cross-party debate held at the University of Brighton on 1 April. The magazine reported: "Some of the more traditional party members in attendance were quite taken aback by the political satire starring local actress Dora Bryan, which included a scene in which Black Rod indulged in a lewd act with a fictional Faery Queen of England." **DWM** reader and frequent *Time Team* sidebar contributor **Alex Wilcock** was the Lib Dem candidate for Leyton and Wanstead. Finally, website *www.amielectableornot.com* named the Doctor as the fictional character most sought after as Prime Minister.

Adams tribute The National Film Theatre will be commemorating the late **Douglas Adams** on 16 August with episodes of *City of Death*, *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* and interview footage.

Tom bears all A *Max Bear* Christmas special is in production for Channel 4 with **Tom Baker** providing the voices (*www.maxbear.com*). He says: "Max Bear could have been written about me! Max is a pompous arse but adorable." Baker came voice-to-voice with his *Dead Ringers* counterpart Jon Culshaw when the latter phoned him for the edition broadcast on Radio 4 on 27 April.

Awards Composer **Geoffrey Burgon** (*Terror of the Zygons*/*The Seeds of Doom*) won the BAFTA for Best Original Television Music award for *Longitude* on 22 April, while **Sir Richard Rodney Bennett** (*The Aztecs*) took the Best Original Music for a Television/Radio Broadcast gong for *Gormenghast* at the Ivor Novello Awards on 24 May.

Obituaries **Jack Watling**, father of Deborah and Professor Edward Travers in *The Abominable Snowmen*, *The Web of Fear* and *Doctor Who* video spin-off *Downtime*, died on 22 May aged 78. **Norman Kay**, the television opera pioneer who composed the incidental music for *100,000 BC*, *The Keys of Marinus* and *The Sensorites*, died on 12 May aged 72.

It's the end, but ...

by The Watcher

I don't know. What is the world coming to? Sometimes I despair. There's no two ways about it – automatic spellcheckers are nowhere near as funny as they used to be.

The first word processor I was proud to call my own was a trusty 1987-vintage Amstrad PC9512 which, in its unassumingly stolid fashion, stood me in good stead for the best part of ten years. As the 1990s unfolded, and all around me people were discovering the joys of mouse mats, pop-up menus, flatbed scanners and laser printers, I carried on blithely bashing away at my Amstrad with its white-on-black screen, its three-inch disks and its astonishingly slow daisywheel printer, which would expend six minutes and a million decibels in banging off a single page of typescript (I'm certain the neighbours suspected me of harbouring an unlicenced machine-gun). When I finally decided it was time to enter the 20th century – there were, by that stage, only three years left in which to do so – I was truly flabbergasted to discover what a fast-moving, double-clicking, text-highlighting, silent-printing world I'd been missing out on. What a twerp. Still, better late than never.

Who can forget the peaceful Crayons of the planet Tells?

But there's one particular field in which Amstrad's antiquated LocoScript 2 software scored way above the sleek, smugly self-assured likes of Microsoft Word, and that was in the brilliantly surreal behaviour of its spellcheck facility. Today's spellcheckers are wise to the vagaries of proper nouns and plurals, and they have a depressing capacity for learning from past mistakes, forever adding new words to their virtual vocabulary banks. Worst of all, present a Microsoft spellchecker with a slightly off-the-wall piece of vocab – 'Romanadvoratrelundar', say – and it will flatly refuse to co-operate, brusquely flashing up "no spelling suggestions" as if to imply that it doesn't propose to waste a single moment of its valuable time on such an idiotic word.

My faithful old Amstrad was a different kettle of fish altogether. Its heroically misguided spellchecker was, so I believe, devised by a panel of experts consisting of Eugene Ionesco, Mrs Malaprop, Dr William Spooner and *Viz* comic's Roger Irrelevant. If ever I was faced by writer's block, or simply felt the need to relax for a few moments, I'd turn my attention to feeding in the names of my favourite plays, books, songs, actors and pop stars, just to see what crazed rubbish the Amstrad would disgorge back at me. I distinctly recall, for example, discovering that the plays of William Sheepshearer included *The Merchant of Vehicle*, *The Two Gentlemen of Veranda*, and the classic Roman tragedy *Antonym and Claptrap*. Among my favourite songs by David Bowie (I dread to think what the spellchecker made of his name, but alas I can't recall) were *Zingy Stardust* and *Panic in Defrost*. Ah, happy days.

And so to the point. Before bidding a final farewell to my Amstrad, I took the precaution of transferring the results of a decade's worth of recreational spellchecking onto a shiny new three-and-a-half-inch floppy disk which, you'll be horrified to learn, I have just unearthed at the back of a drawer. So for the first and, in a very real sense, the last time, come with me now as I explore the aptly-named LocoScript 2's unique interpretation of the wonderful worlds of *Doctor Who* ...

The First Doctor, for example, was played by the inimitable William Harebell who, during the reign of producer Inner Llama, relinquished the role to the ever-talented Partial Trough, whose companions included Victoria Waterfall (Debouch Wailing) and Zoo Heroin (Wand Cadbury). Moving on to Joan Perigee's era as the Doctor, overseen by producer Barmy Lefts, we greet the redoubtable Brigadier Alligator Gorgon Leathering-Steward (Nickels Courted), and his trusty sidemen Sergeant Beacon and Captain Yaks. When Phallic Hitchhiker took over as producer (I'm not making this up), Louse Jades was Legal, and subsequently, both Mary Tame and Labia Ward were Roman. And so to the Fifth Doctor, played by Peer Division, whose companions Addict (Matched Waterholes) and Nessie (Sacra Suction) were later replaced by Turnout (Mark Stricken) and Penicillin Brown (Nicely Brant), not forgetting Geared Flood as the voice of Kaolin. Division was eventually finished off by a dose of spectrum toxaemia picked up during his encounter with Shiraz Jerk (a classic story directed by Grease Hamper).

In the show's earliest days, scripts were handled by such writers as Anchovy Cobra and John Lucrative, and directed by the likes of Hernia Hitch and Morris Barmy. Classic scriptwriters of the 1970s included Robber Holes and Christ Botcher, while the 1980s saw the script editor's chair occupied by Erica Safari and Anger Caramel, the latter overseeing such tales as *Delta and the Bandsmen* and *Dragonflies*.

And let's not forget the aliens themselves, including the deadly Dames from the planet Scary (who famously joined forces with the villainous Magic Chef), the Cyclamen who arrived in our solar system on Monday, and the Sonatinas with their warlike enemies, the Ruins. Then there were the peace-loving Senoritas from the Sense-Sphere; the ant-like Zambia from the planet Vomits; the Robots of Death (Vows, Dubs and Superiors); Scrota, last of the Jackaroo (who caused the Doctor to travel back in time, to Flounce in the 16th century); the Terrapins who crashlanded on Earth in 1666; the blobby Plantations used as slaves by the Master; the deadly Racoon Warrior Robot; the birdlike Jojobas enslaved by Mentor; and of course the peace-loving Crayons, whose home planet of Tells was overrun by the Cyclamen.

Classic stories included *Terror of the Auctions*, *The Curse of Peahen*, *The Power of Krill*, and the Fourth Doctor's appropriately-named swansong *Loopholes*. Addict was unexpectedly killed off in *Earthwork*, while Turnout's debut story was *Madden Unbend*.

Well, there we go. So in conclusion, what have we learned this month? Erm ...

DWM

The Final Test

We prefer to put our faith in the mind probe. But here's this issue's quiz. No prizes, etc.

What connects:

1. The Master in *Frontier in Space*, Chronotis in *Shada* and both Doctors in the TV Movie?
2. A café proprietor, a BBC floor manager and the first Primord?
3. Destroyed a mad miner; destroyed a genocidal warlord; destroyed by an escaped convict?
4. A xenophobic planet, an explosive planet and an evil planet?
5. The Third, Fourth and Fifth Doctors; Jamie [pictured]; Mel; and no others?
6. The TARDIS in Tombstone, a mercenary's ship and the Kandyman's creator? (Warning: this one is seriously obscure ...)

Answers from last issue

1 All called Davis (*Doctor Who and the Silurians*; *The Ice Warriors*; *Logopolis*).
2 They've all met Leonardo da Vinci (*The Time Meddler*; *City of Death*; and, by implication, *City of Death* and *The Two Doctors*).
3 Az- (Azal; Azure; Azmael; Azaxyr).
4 The Doctor plays chess with all of them.
5 All referred to as a butcher ("You stupid butcher" in *The Crusade*; "the butcher" in *The War Games*; "the butcher of Brisbane" in *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*).
6 All called Summers (*The War Machines*; *The Mind of Evil*; *The Sea Devils*).

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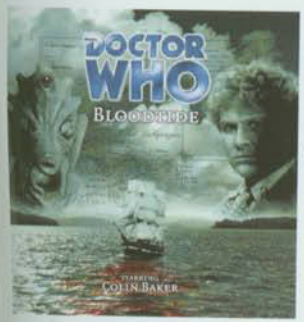

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PLEASE NOTE: This signing has been rescheduled from June 23rd due to changes in the release schedule. (Sylvester McCoy appeared on June 23rd to sign "Dust Breeding" – signed copies may still be available

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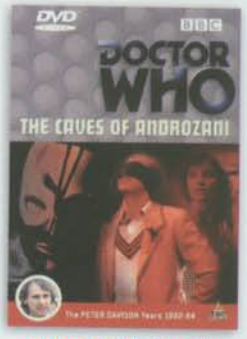

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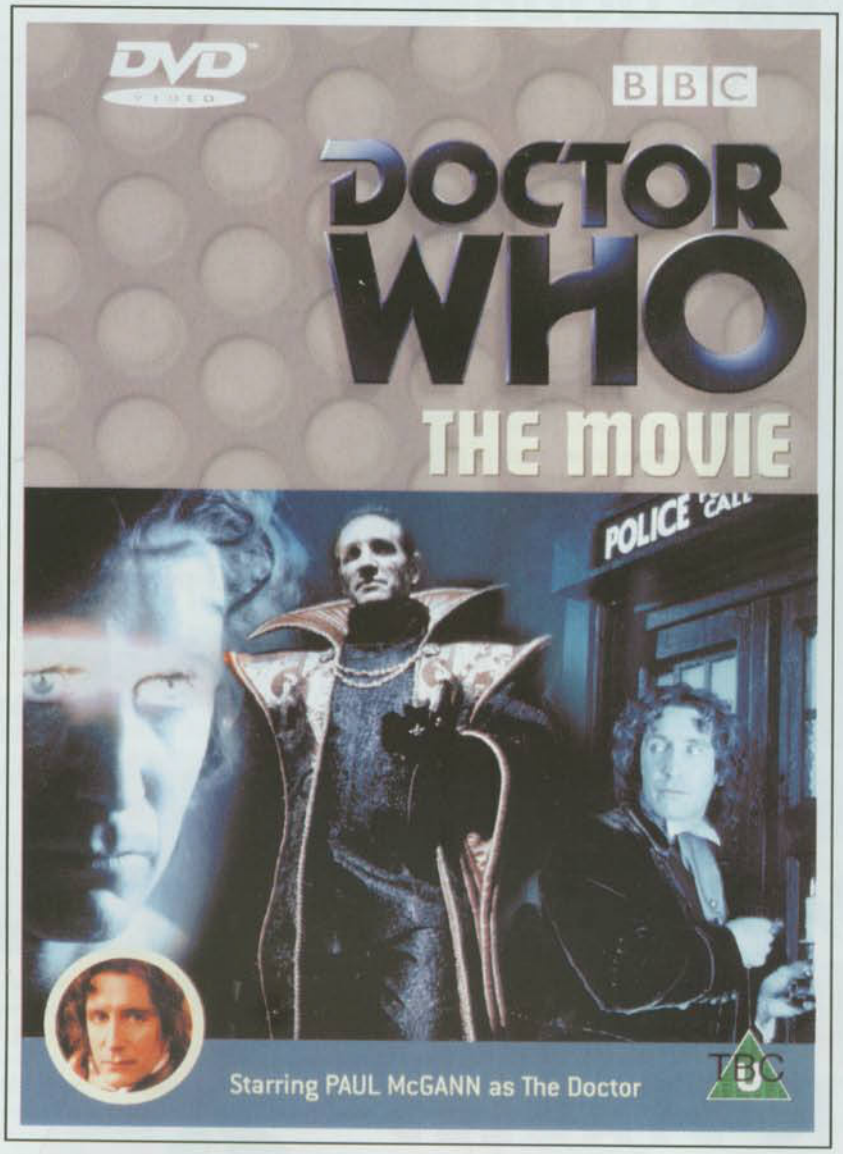

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